

More about Current Prophecies.

THE belief in the marvellous, which, as was pointed out in our last number, attains such luxuriant growth in times of popular excitement, is not in the least likely to diminish as the strain of the present political crisis grows more intense. Even since writing on the subject a month ago many new illustrations have come into my hands of the eager credulity with which almost every claim to supernatural prevision is received by quite sober people. It will not then, I trust, be altogether time wasted if the topic be pursued a little further, and if yet another of the pseudo-prophetic utterances now in circulation on both sides of the Channel be submitted to the test of logic and common sense.

And here, before coming to our immediate subject, let me call attention to some very pregnant words of warning, published shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, by the late Bishop Dupanloup. The state of Catholic feeling which he rebuked bids fair to recur, and there are many amongst us who might profitably lend an ear to his sober admonition:

From all sides to-day [wrote the Bishop] we hear of nothing but miracles and prophecies, and to our generation also one may say what our Lord used once to say to His: "This generation seeketh a sign"—*Generatio ista signum querit*. There is nothing to surprise us in this phenomenon. Periods of trouble, like ours, are its ordinary witnesses and causes. How much, indeed, in the midst of our sorrows have we not need of that token for good—*signum in bonum* (Ps. lxxxv. 17)—of which the Psalmist speaks? When great political and social commotions have upset men's minds, when unwonted calamities have fallen upon a people, when profound revolutions have shaken a nation to its very foundations, disturbed imaginations begin to work; they try to pierce the darkness of events, to catch a glimpse of the mysterious unknown hidden in the future, to discover at last the salvation long desired, the expected Saviour. Then the real, where nothing reassuring is seen, is surrendered for the imaginary, where everything is seen, especially what is hoped for. Prophets

arise and wonder-workers too; visions, oracles, prodigies are multiplied; with fanatics in good faith knaves get mingled. Nevertheless, souls in their craving for light turn eagerly to any source which offers it, a curious ear is lent to those marvellous tales and to those voices¹ which profess to have come from on high; the credulous, and sometimes the sceptical themselves, through that deep need of penetrating the unknown which is in-born in the human soul, are swept off their feet; a whole generation feeds on chimeras, and at one time seized with vain fears trembles before the calamities announced as at the approach of the millennium, at another following the dominant craze is filled with exultation, or goes to sleep without misgiving, buoyed up by hopes that are equally baseless.²

And since we are upon this topic, it may be well to supplement Mgr. Dupanloup's shrewd criticism by citing the text of certain conciliar decrees to which he rightly makes appeal as expressing the mind of the Church in the most authoritative manner. The first of these pronouncements was drawn up in the form of a papal bull during the fifth council of Lateran in 1516, *sacro approbante concilio*, and includes the following passage:³

As regards the time at which the calamities to come are to happen, the coming of Antichrist and the day of judgment, let no one allow himself to announce them and to fix their date, for Truth has said that it is not for us to know the times or moments which the Father keeps in His own power. All who up to the present have dared to make such predictions have been found to be liars (*ipsos mentitos fuisse constat*), and it is certain that their conduct has done no small injury to the authority of those who are content to preach without predicting. For the future, then, we forbid all and any to announce future events in their public discourses by means of fanciful explanations of Holy Scripture, to pose as having received such instructions from the Holy Ghost or by a revelation from Heaven, and to set forth strange and vain divinations or things of that sort. . . . If, however, the Lord reveal to anyone by inspiration certain things to come to pass in the Church of God . . . as the matter is of great moment, seeing that no spirit is to be lightly believed, but spirits are to be proved, as the Apostle testifies, whether they are of God, we will that, in ordinary law, such alleged in-

¹ An obvious reference to the book previously spoken of, *Voix prophétiques*. There were also German collections bearing the same title *Prophetenslimmen*.

² Dupanloup, *Lettre sur les Prophéties*, Eng. Trans., p. 4. I have slightly modified the rendering there given.

³ Harduin, *Concilia*, Vol. ix., cols. 1808—1809.

spirations (*tales assertae inspirationes*), be understood to be henceforth reserved to the examination of the Apostolic See before being made public or preached to the people (*antequam publicentur aut populo prædicentur*). And if any dare in any way to contravene the premisses, besides the penalties provided by law against such, we will them to incur a sentence of excommunication also, from which they can be absolved only by the Roman Pontiff, except when at the point of death.

Although these warnings were immediately addressed to the popular preachers, who at a time of political excitement and religious decay scandalized many by their extravagances, they nevertheless illustrate the attitude of ecclesiastical authority towards all such pretended revelations in general. Moreover, another decree, passed at Paris in a national council of all the French Bishops in 1849, and subsequently ratified by the Holy See, is still more to our purpose. Its enactment was obviously occasioned by the vogue of the prophecy of Orval and a number of similar predictions then current in France:

Since [said the Council] according to the Apostle not every spirit is to be believed, we warn our flocks that no one rashly set himself to spread the knowledge of prophecies, visions and miracles relating to politics, the future state of the Church or similar subjects, when published without their having been examined and approved by the Ordinary. Parish priests and confessors, in their prudence, will deter the faithful of Christ from a too easy acceptance of them. They will also, as occasion offers, explain the rules prescribed by the Church on this subject, and especially will they admonish the faithful that their conduct is to be governed, not by private revelations, but by the ordinary laws of Christian wisdom.¹

It would be hard to imagine any document which more flagrantly offended against this wise instruction than a prediction, lately circulated under the heading of "Antichrist," which purports to be the prophecy of a monk, one Brother Johannes, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. I follow the example of the texts before me in calling him Johannes rather than John, but seeing that he is certainly a mythical personage it does not matter very much what we call him. This pretended prophecy about Antichrist seems first to have been published in the *Figaro* in two instalments, one on September 10th, the other on September 17th, by that

¹ *Acta et Decreta, Collectio Lacensis*, iv. 17.

bizarre personage, M. Josephin Peladan, and from thence the first part was copied into other newspapers, notably into *Excelsior*,¹ the Parisian counterpart of the *Daily Graphic*, and into *Le Cri de Londres*,² a small sheet published in London. These two printed copies I have seen, and as they do not differ, one may assume that they reproduce the original version in the *Figaro* with textual exactitude. I translate it here as I read it in *Excelsior*:

Here is a Latin prophecy by a 17th century monk, of whom little is known, one Brother Johannes, which applies marvellously to the present situation. It is headed "The Antichrist."

1 People will many times have imagined that they recognised him, for all the slayers of the Lamb are alike and all evil-doers are the precursors of the supreme evil-doer.

2 The true Antichrist will be one of the monarchs of his time, a son of Luther. He will call upon the name of God and will give himself out to be His messenger.

3 This prince of liars will swear by the Bible. He will pose as the arm of the Almighty, chastising a corrupt age.

4 He will be a one-armed man, but his soldiers without number, whose watchword will be "God with us," will resemble the legions of hell.

5 For a long space he will work by cunning and crime, and his spies will infest the whole earth, and he will make himself master of the secrets of the mighty.

6 He will have theologians in his pay who will certify and demonstrate that his mission is from on high.

7 A war will furnish him with the opportunity for throwing off the mask. It will not be the war that he will wage against a French sovereign, but another which will be easily recognised by this mark, that within a fortnight all the world will be involved in it.

8 It will set all Christian peoples by the ears, as well as all the Mohammedans and other nations far remote. In all the four quarters of the world armies will muster.

9 For the angels will open men's minds and in the third week they will come to see that it is Antichrist, and that they will all be made slaves if they do not overthrow this tyrant.

10 Antichrist will be known by many signs. He will above all put to the sword priests, monks, women, children and old men. He will show no pity. He will sweep onward, a blazing torch in his hand, like the barbarians of old, but the name of Christ will be on his lips.

11 His deceitful words will be like those of the Christians,

¹ In the number for Sep. 20, 1914.

² Sep. 23, 1914.

but his acts will resemble those of Nero and the Roman persecutors. There will be an eagle in his coat of arms, as there is also in that of his lieutenant, the other wicked emperor.

12 But this latter is a Christian and he will die of the curse of Pope Benedict who will be elected at the beginning of the reign of Antichrist (!)

13 Priests and monks will no longer be seen to hear confessions and to absolve the combatants; partly because for the first time priests and monks will fight like their fellow citizens, partly because Pope Benedict having cursed Antichrist, it will be proclaimed that those who fight against him are in a state of grace and if they die go straight to heaven as the martyrs do.

14 The Bull that proclaims these things will produce a great sensation; it will re-enkindle the courage of the faint-hearted and it will cause the death of the monarch allied with Antichrist.

15 Before Antichrist is overthrown more men will have to be killed than were ever contained within the walls of Rome. All kingdoms will have to unite in the task, for the cock, the leopard and the white eagle would never get the better of the black eagle if the prayers and vows of all mankind did not come to their support.

16 Never will mankind have had to face such a danger, because the triumph of Antichrist would be that of the spirit of evil who has taken flesh in him.

17 For it has been said that twenty (!) centuries after the Incarnation of the Word, the Beast in his turn will become incarnate and will threaten the earth with as many horrors as the Divine Incarnation has brought blessings.

A paragraph is then added to explain, with quite unnecessary insistence, that the prophecy cannot have been meant to apply to the war of 1870—1, but that its many indications are only verified in the present war. After which we are told:

There are people who reject all prophecies. But who can fail to be moved by the agreement in so many precise details and at three hundred years interval between the predictions of Brother Johannes and the events going on around us?

The prophecy of Brother Johannes does not end here, it contains a terrible second part; but this last promises an era of peace and of light for France and all the world, and before this era is reached a vengeance so frightful that it even goes beyond men's thoughts or desires.

The "terrible second part" here spoken of is apparently to be identified with a description of the battle fought by

the cock (France), the white eagle (Russia), and the leopard (England), against the black eagle, or Antichrist, (Germany). Not having been able to procure the original *Figaro*, I have only seen a translation of this section published in the *St. James' Gazette*.¹ The conviction that the whole is an egregious imposture, founded at best upon no more than a few scraps of such apocalyptic utterances as those of Holzhauser or some similar mystic, must be my excuse for refusing to quote in *extenso* another two pages of this rubbish. The substance in brief amounts to this—that the black eagle would in his first onset have crushed the cock “had it not been for the help of the leopard and his claws”; but then the white eagle coming from the north compels the black eagle to loose his hold. The cock in consequence is liberated, and pursues the black eagle into his own country. Terrible slaughter ensues, in which rivers are crossed over the bodies of the slain. The Antichrist asks for peace, but it is refused, and the last battle “which will take place where the Antichrist forges his arms [? Essen, where the Krupp works are, or some place in the adjacent manufacturing district of Westphalia], will not be in any way a human fight.” In the end the Antichrist will lose his crown and die insane and forsaken. His empire will be divided into twenty-two states. The white eagle will drive the crescent from Europe and establish himself at Constantinople. I must not forget to add the significant detail that throughout the war “red will be the Heavens, the Earth, the Waters and *even the Air*, for blood will flow in the domains of the four elements at once.” This is a new enumeration of the four elements—but let that pass.

On reading this document it seems almost incredible that it can ever have been considered in any other light than that of a hoax or a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. But many persons regard it seriously and among them not only simple-hearted nuns and pious women who would consider a forgery in these matters as little better than a sacrilege, but also enthusiasts of a much more robust mentality. Its fraudulent character, to my thinking, cannot for a moment be in doubt, though it may have been fabricated to deride rather than to mislead.

To begin with, it lacks any sort of reliable authentication. We have nothing more than M. Peladan's assurance that he found it among his father's papers after the death of the latter, which took place in 1890. It is further stated that

¹ Oct. 3rd and Oct. 17th.

the prophecy was given to M. Adrien Peladan, *père*, by a Premonstratensian monk of S. Michel de Trigolet, near Tarascon (ominous name), who in his turn had received it from an Abbé Donat, a learned priest, who died at an advanced age at Beaucaire. For all this, however, we have no evidence except the declaration of M. Josephin Peladan, who in all probability makes no scruple of availing himself of a novelist's privilege to invent a pedigree for his fictions. Romance writers from Sir Walter Scott downwards have always been fertile in such expedients. As for the supposed author, Brother Johannes, no information is furnished regarding his manner of life or the place in which he lived, or the Order to which he belonged, or the circumstances under which this revelation was made to him. In glancing through some thirty odd volumes of this kind of literature which I have been able to consult, I have not come upon the least trace of Brother Johannes's wonderful seventeenth century prophecy. Neither can I recall more than one or two that even affect the same precision of detail. Let us note how marvellously minute the information is. Antichrist is to be an Emperor who makes a parade of his devotion to the Bible, who has theologians in his pay to draw up manifestoes, and who is leagued with another Emperor near to death. Further, he has only the use of one arm, he is a hypocrite, and he has vast armies under his control. During his time a Pope shall be elected called Benedict. In the universal war that breaks out and embraces both East and West, no mercy shall be shown to priests and nuns, and numbers of priests, for the first time in history, shall take part as combatants. The war also will be fought in the air as well as on land and sea. Can it be conceived that to this absolutely unknown monk of the seventeenth century the Almighty should have given such marvellous prophetic insight as is not to be paralleled in all the recorded history of the canonized saints? I would confidently challenge the production of one well attested example, either of saint, mystic or seer which in any way rivals the foreknowledge displayed by Brother Johannes. We know what the scriptural prophecies are like and we may easily acquaint ourselves with the language of the authentic prophetic writings of saints like St. Hildegard, St. Bridget or St. Catherine of Siena. In this matter one of the very collections against which we are protesting lays down quite soberly the following canon as a means of distinguishing genuine prophecies from the spurious:

Genuine prophecies have a prophetic form. They are set forth in marvellous images in dark mysterious words; they often bring together totally dissimilar events, invert occasionally the order of time; while their authors, overpowered with the general impression of their visions employ exaggerated language. For instance "the blood will mount even to the horses' bridles." From these peculiarities we see that a certain obscurity attaches to prophecies. But this very quality bespeaks their divine origin, as hereby they seem to bear a certain conformity to the other works of God. In nature and history also God conceals Himself in order that those only who seek Him in faith may find Him.¹

Moreover, the gravest suspicion is thrown upon the document under discussion, owing to the fact that at its first appearance in print, which occurred, as already stated, in the *Figaro* of September 10 and 17, 1914, it was introduced to the world by that extraordinary genius, M. Josephin Peladan, whose talent is undeniable, but who may be described as a sort of medley of Richard Wagner, Cagliostro and Madame Blavatsky rolled into one. Here is the account of him in Curinier's *Dictionnaire national des Contemporains*.²

PELADAN, JOSEPHIN called "le Sar" (i.e. the Seer), novelist, art-critic and dramatic author, born at Lyons 20 Oct 1859. The son of a religious writer,³ he has devoted himself to a style of literature which is partly mystic and partly erotic, while the titles he has bestowed upon himself of Mage and Seer serve to direct attention to his own personality, just as his wish to seem different from the rest of the world is made clear to all by his eccentricities of manner and costume.⁴

In the same notice, after a long list of his novels, plays and other works, we are told that "M. Peladan founded the Order of the Rosy Cross, Cross of the Temple, of which he appointed himself Grand-Master." No doubt the Seer identifies himself with the cause of Catholicity, or at any rate Christianity, but his creed seems to be one peculiar to himself in which Occultism plays a larger part than reve-

¹ Beykirch, *Prophetenstimmen mit Erklärungen*, Paderborn, 1849, p. 7.

² Vol. V. p. 15, 1905.

³ M. Adrien Peladan, *père*, was for many years editor of the *Semaine religieuse* of Lyons.

⁴ M. Peladan, it appears, loves to attire himself in long robes of oriental fashion and texture, while his portraits are evidently designed to produce the effect of a Blavatsky-like intensity of expression. All the resources of photography have been invoked to emphasize the dilated pupils, which seem to read into the soul and penetrate the future.

lation.¹ No doubt it is true that M. Peladan's father was also a collector of prophecies, but always in the Catholic and Legitimist interest, and he published in 1871 a work entitled *Nouveau "Liber Mirabilis," ou toutes les Prophéties authentiques sur les Temps présents*, par Adrien Peladan. I should have been glad to examine a copy of this, but none is accessible to me. All things considered, it seems impossible to accept the statements which one hears made that this or that person can vouch for the existence of copies of this prophecy three, ten or twenty years back. Beyond doubt there have been many documents in circulation at any time during the last fifty years which, in their references to Antichrist, to a great war, to the final victory of the good, &c., &c., bear a general resemblance to that printed above. But, to my thinking, it is quite incredible that a person who several years back read or listened, out of chance curiosity, to a document of this sort, should retain so exact a memory of what was then brought to his notice as to be able to identify it in detail with the clauses of the document now in question. Neither can I attach importance to the suggestion that has been made that the use of the leopard as an emblem of England may be taken as proof of the antiquity of the prophecy. The fact is that the three beasts in the royal arms which we in this country describe as "lions, passant guardant," are called by French heralds *léopards*. Thus, for example, we are told in the *Nouveau Larousse* (1902) "the heraldic leopard is a lion which instead of being *rampant* is *passant*, and the head of which faces the spectator,"² and similarly the authoritative *Dictionnaire archéologique et explicatif de la Science du Blason*³ describes the English royal arms with which we are all familiar as *de gueules, à trois léopards d'or* (gules, three leopards or). This, be it noted, is not merely the archaic but the correct modern description of the British lion which would be given by any Frenchman who understood something of heraldry. The only inference then which one can safely draw from the use of the term leopard is that the document was not forged in England.

¹ Here is a specimen of one of his utterances, which, for fear of misinterpretation, I copy untranslated: "L'occulte est l'esprit même de la religion et la religion est le corps même de l'occulte. L'occulte est la tête où se conçoit le mystère, la religion est le cœur où le mystère se dynamise." Peladan, *L'Occulte Catholique*.

² "Le léopard héraldique est un lion qui au lieu d'être rampant est passant et dont la tête se présente toujours de face."

³ By le Comte Alph. O'Kelly, Vol. I., p. 312, Bergerac, 1901.

The other point which seems to call for comment is the description of the Kaiser Antichrist as a one-armed man. It is quite possible that here we have a vague echo or imitation of a feature found in some of the old German folk-tales, which deserve indeed to be called sagas rather than prophecies. I refer more particularly to that known as the "Battle of the Birch Tree," *Die Schlacht am Birkenbaum*, which is found in a good many different forms. That these old folk-traditions have already been turned to profit in the fabrication of bogus prophecies is somewhat amusingly illustrated in the so-called "prophecy of Mayence," the text of which, as given by *The Referee*, was quoted in my last article.¹ Here the gentleman who supplied the English version, not being aware that *bouleau* means a birch-tree, has turned it into the name of a district in order that it may fall into line with such Westphalian place names as Hamm and Werl, and thus we get "the quarter of Bouleau² between Hamm, Werl and Paderborn." But the authentic "Battle of the Birch Tree" is a very interesting piece of folk-lore and I give it here as it was translated more than sixty years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A time shall come when the world shall be godless. The people will strive to be independent of king and magistrate, subjects will be unfaithful to their princes. Neither truth nor faith prevails more. It will then come to a general insurrection when father shall fight against son and son against father. In that time men shall try to pervert the articles of the faith and shall introduce new books. The Catholic religion shall be hard pressed and men will try with cunning to abolish it. Men shall love play and jest and pleasure of all kinds at that time. But then it shall not be long before a change occurs. A frightful war will break out. On one side shall stand Russia Sweden and the whole north, on the other France Spain Italy and the whole south under a powerful prince. This prince shall come from the south. He wears a white coat with buttons all the way down. He has a cross on his breast, rides a grey horse, which he mounts from his left side, because he is lame of one foot. He will bring peace. Great is his severity, for he will put down all dance music and rich attire. He will hear³ morning Mass in the church of Bremen. From Bremen he rides to the Haar [an eminence near Werl] from thence he looks with his spy-glass

¹ The "prophecy of Mayence," I now discover, was printed in the Paris newspaper *Le Matin* for 23 August, 1914. This was a week before it appeared in *The Referee*.

² See *THE MONTH*, Oct. p. 351.

³ Some copies read apparently, "he will say (*lesen*) Mass."

towards the country of the Birch tree and observes the enemy. Next he rides past Holtum [a village near Werl]. At Holtum stands a crucifix between two lime trees; before this he kneels and prays with outstretched arms for some time. Then he leads his soldiers clad in white into the battle and after a bloody contest he remains victorious.

The chief slaughter will take place at a brook which runs from west to east. Woe! woe! to Budberg and Söndern in those days. The victorious leader shall assemble the people after the battle and harangue them in the church.¹

So runs the best-known version of *die Schlacht am Birkenbaum*, and it is perhaps a little curious that the district which tradition has assigned as destined to be the battlefield of this momentous contest is also one indicated by military authorities as likely to be the scene of the last desperate struggle between Germany and a western invader. So, at any rate, says Commandant Driant, in his preface to a clever forecast of the war now raging, which was published by M. de Civrieux a couple of years back.² The district of Westphalia marked out by the mention of such places as Werl, Holtum, Bremen, Budberg, &c., is about forty miles east of the great Krupp ordinance works at Essen. Still more remarkable at first sight is the fact that the conqueror is to be a man clothed in a white coat, with buttons all the way down, who mounts his horse on the wrong side. The present Kaiser, as is generally known, owing to an injury at birth, has not the full use of his left arm, and is consequently compelled to climb into the saddle from the horse's right. Still, a moment's consideration of the prophecy shows clearly how trivial the coincidence is. The victorious prince is the leader, not of Germany, but of France and Spain and Italy, a Catholic who hears or even says Mass, and who prays before a crucifix, while the injured limb is not his arm but his foot. Coincidences of this superficial kind must now and again occur in all such predictions, and if we accept them as proof of supernatural insight, there will be no limit to the extravagances into which we shall be led.

Let it finally be noted as a very significant fact, that

¹ The original German may be found in *Das Buch der Wahr-und Weissagungen*, Regensburg, 1884, pp. 222-223, or again in C. B. Warnefried, *Scherblicke in die Zukunft*, Regensburg, 1861, Part II, pp. 59-60. The above translation is taken from *Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1850, p. 568.

² *La Fin de l'Empire allemand—la Bataille du Champ des Bouteaux*, par M. de Civrieux. Paris, 1912.

while the prophecy is precise and accurate down to the last week in August, which probably represents the date at which it was thrown into shape to be sent to the *Figaro*, no one of its forecasts referring to events subsequent to that date has yet been realized. It looked probable enough in August that "all the Mohammedans" would be drawn into the war, but so far they have not been. Not three weeks only, but four times three weeks have elapsed since the war began, but the world at large has not yet come to see that the Kaiser is Antichrist. Pope Benedict has not yet published a Bull to curse the wicked Emperors, neither has any sign been given of his intention to do so. The attack of the White Eagle can hardly be said to have so surprised the Black Eagle that he has been forced to liberate the Cock,¹ and the latter has certainly not yet invaded the country of the Antichrist from one end to the other. No doubt these things may still come to pass, but we might have expected from so well-informed a prophet that he would give some hint that the world would not at first combine against the persecutor with complete unanimity, and also that the subjugation of Belgium would form the saddest and most conspicuous incident in the first stage of this deadly struggle. But how could the fall of Antwerp have been foreseen, when M. Peladan first sent off his manuscript to the *Figaro*, to keep up the spirits of his French compatriots?

It had at first been my intention to pass in review one or two other similar predictions to which attention has been directed of late, but this article is already sufficiently long. And, after all, as the Lateran Council bluntly said of the authors of the prognostics then current, *ipsos mentitos fuisse constat*, "they have all been proved to be liars." The best and only refutation of all such rash peerings into the future is to await the course of events.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ The prophecies, circulated in the sixteenth century under the names of Johann Liechtenberger and Johann Carionis, are full of similar political allegories under the disguise of beasts, &c. We read there of black eagles and young eagles, golden lions and white lions, cocks, wolves, foxes, lilies, &c. But I have not hit upon any which bears a true resemblance in substance to the disclosures of "Brother Johannes."

*The Poetry of Paul Claudel.*¹

PAUL CLAUDEL cannot yet be described as "known in England." Precisely why it is not easy to say, for there is undoubtedly in his work much which should attract an age which—many faults of superficiality, levity and even flippancy though it may exhibit—has at least a readily kindling interest in thought and speculation.

His plays possibly are too remote, too elusive to win anything like a general hearing; moreover, his curious addiction to rewriting a lengthy drama even more lengthily, and with so few salient alterations the bulk of its great length remaining untouched, will always appear tiresome and gratuitous to English readers, so lacking as most of them are in any intense and supreme care for style; so lacking too, for the most part in appreciation of subtleties of philosophy. In France the method may even be welcomed, in England one can scarcely imagine its being endured. And yet one or two of his plays have perhaps gained, even if, like *l'Annonce Faite à Marie*, they have also lost by it.

Nor is his prose "easy": further, the easier in form of the two prose volumes, *Connaissance de l'Est*, with its tiny, wistful snapshots of the generally-unknown Orient will hardly grip the attention of the practical Englishman, wanting, as they do, that trace of sentimentality which endeared Pierre Loti to sundry sentimental Teutons.

There remains this volume of poetry, *Cinq Grandes Odes*. This perhaps may offer a way of introduction. Yet even this is not poetry to be read in an arm-chair, with slippered feet on the fender. Were there nothing more to bar that than M. Claudel's favourite inversions, there are enough of them, notably in the opening Ode, to afford sufficient ground for effort to suggest a straight chair and a desk.

The first of these *Five Odes* is addressed to the Nine Muses. M. Claudel leaves the orthodox verse forms for those harmonious rhythmical lines of varying length and swaying sound, whose musical possibilities Walt Whitman,

¹ *Cinq Grandes Odes suivies d'un Processional pour saluer le siècle nouveau*, par Paul Claudel, 1913.

at his best, demonstrated in English. Yet it is more surprising to find this poetic form gaining ground in France where style has been kept so close to orthodoxy, and form has been chiselled and polished with a jeweller's ingenuity and skill. That it is making its way there cannot be doubted: Claudel is not alone. There is M. Paul Fort to be taken into account, of whom M. Louÿs has written: "Désormais il existe un style intermédiaire entre la prose et le vers français, un style complet qui semble unir les qualités contraires de ses deux aînés."¹

Nevertheless, there is an observable difference between them. Much of M. Fort's verse could be printed quite easily in ordinary verse form, which is not the case with Claudel, for he depends, now on the long violin-like sweep of rhythm and vibrating sound, and then, suddenly snaps off the melody, uttering perhaps but one syllable in a momentous line. A good example of this unevenness responding to thought may be found in the following passage from his suggestive Ode, *L'Esprit et l'Eau*:—

Ni
Le marin, ni
Le poisson qu'un autre poisson à manger
Entraîne, mais la chose même et tout le
tonneau, et la veine vive,
Et l'eau même, et l'élément même, je
joue, je respandis! Je partage la liberté de
la mer omniprésente!
L'eau
Toujours s'en vient retrouver l'eau,
Composant une goutte unique.

A still more characteristic passage may be chosen from the Ode on the Nine Muses, in this subtle picture of Mnemosyne (Memory) Mother of the Muses:—

L'aînée, celle qui ne parle pas! l'aînée,
ayant le même âge! Mnemosyne qui ne
parle jamais!
Elle écoute, elle considère,
Elle ressent (étant le sens intérieur de
l'esprit),
Pure, simple, inviolable! Elle se souvient.
Elle est le poids spirituel. Elle est le
rapport exprimé par un chiffre très-beau.
Elle est posée d'une manière qui est inef-
fable
Sur le poulx même de l'Etre.

This cannot, by any manipulation, be reduced to any ordinary verse form; M. Claudel's poetry, like Walt Whitman's, is not patient of orthodox handling: whereas, though M. Paul Fort prints his composition thus:—

¹ "Ses deux aînés" being M. Péladan and M. Catulle Mendès.

ton coude appuyé sur les roses mourantes dont
nous couvrîmes, au jour, le banc choisi, et ton front
plus pâle à ta main plus blanche, tes yeux d'argent
noir plus clairs dans la nuit:¹

or again, in *Morphée*—

Il aspire à longs traits les touffeurs de l'été, il
titube, Morphée, le dieu aux pieds de laine! il est
ivre d'air chaud, il tourne sur lui-même, il déchire
ses voiles de son bras écarté.

L'herbe d'une ombre moite environne son corps.
Il s'étire dans l'herbe en regardant les cieux. Le so-
leil au zénith plonge au fond de ses yeux. Il tombe!
et ses yeux d'eau fument sous leurs cils d'or —²

yet it would be no difficult task to arrange them all as fairly orthodox quatrains. Many other examples could be found in the same volume.

Possibly *les Muses* will not be reckoned the finest of these *Great Odes*, yet it contains some singularly felicitous phrases, among them, for example, these:—

Mais décollés de la terre, nous étions seuls
l'un avec l'autre,
Habitants de cette noire miette mouvante,
noyés
Perdus dans le pur Espace, là où le sol
même est lumière.

Very much more striking is the second Ode in this book, *L'Esprit et l'Eau*. Composed when the poet was shut up in Pekin during the memorable siege of the Legations, it is indeed an example of the truth of that daring cry of Gregory Thaumaturgus in the third century, A.D.: "For the soul is free and cannot be coerced by any means, not even though we should confine it and keep guard over it in some secret prison house." The circumstances were, so one would think, hardly favourable to immaterial considerations. Yet the poet escapes. "D'un palais couleur de souci," expressive phrase, he catches the far-off breath of "the omnipresent sea." The opening lines of the Ode, though they do not actually mention it, breathe the freedom of the illimitable ocean:—

Après le long silence fumant,
Après le grand silence civil de maints
Jours tout fumant de rumeurs et de fumées,
Haleine de la terre en culture et ramage
des grandes villes dorées,
Soudain l'Esprit de nouveau, soudain le
souffle de nouveau,
Soudain le coup sourd au cœur, soudain
le mot donné, soudain le souffle de l'Esprit,
le rapt sec, soudain la possession de l'Esprit!

¹ *Les Idylles Antiques*, p. 163.

² *Ibid.* p. 15.

Subtly, the Poet weaves together the freedom of the ocean and the ungainsayable freedom of the spirit of man. The poet's share is found in that which he speaks of in the Preface as "La voix qui est à la fois l'esprit et l'eau, l'élément plastique et la volonté qui s'impose à elle." Philosophy makes herself heard through this voice of the poet, and, step by step, the ascension of the spirit moves, till it achieves the Mystic's union with God. It is no fanciful conjunction—this intermingling of water and spirit; for the Catholic poet, Claudel, has known how to blend them with a single sentence in the prefixed argument:—"L'eau qui purifie quand elle jaillit à l'appel de Dieu, ce sont ces larmes qui sortent d'un cœur pénitent." The last three Odes record the poet's turning from things of earth to the worship of God. With some people they may excite comparison with Verlaine's religious poems. Apart from those differences which must always exist between lyrics and sonnets and poems cast in the form of Odes, the likeness is no more than that similarity which runs through all sincere repentance. The mystical note, the sense of union is far stronger in Claudel: it may indeed be said to be absent from Verlaine, whose attitude is always that of a heart-broken penitent seeking restitution.

M. Claudel's volume ends with the Processional "pour saluer le siècle nouveau."

Here with pomp of rhythm is the unshaken conviction of every genuine sharer in the Catholic Faith:—

Ce matin nous avons mangé dans la maison
de notre Père,
Peu de fils pour un si grand festin et pour
une si noble chère,

Car elle est de la chair même et du sang
de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ,
Qui est mort volontairement pour nous
pêcheurs ainsi qui cela est écrit.

Peu de fils restés fidèles, mais quand nous
serions moins encore, notre foi n'est pas
ébranlée,

Car les promesses de Dieu ne passent point
et les paroles de l'homme ne sont que de
vent et de la fumée.

Il est dur de quitter ce lieu où vous
résidez dans votre tabernacle
et de reprendre le vieux chemin dans le
sable et les herbes traltresses et l'obstacle,
Et d'échanger la rumeur humaine au lieu
de vos paroles éternelles,
Mais, nous vous adorons à cause de votre
volonté qui est telle.

Heureux qui a part à votre calice et à qui
les cordeaux sont tombés dans votre sanc-
tuaire.

Mais pour nous un long chemin encore
nous reste à faire.

Voici le monde extérieur où est notre
devoir laïc,

Sans le mépris du prochain, avec amour
du prochain, si je le puis, sans violence et
passion inique.

I have quoted this passage at length, not only for the sake of the delicately ironic wit, so Pauline,—“so much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men,”—but to demonstrate that M. Claudel's “mysticism” is in the true lineal descent, he knows that the way is long, and he recognizes that fundamental verity that “notre devoir laïc” is the true way for the majority of us. We arrive, not by choosing our path, but by treading the thorns and briars of the road on which our feet have been set. No more useful warning than that can be offered to this generation so prone to primrose paths. “Pour saluer le nouveau siècle!” What will the twentieth century bring? Already there are signs at least that the hard materialism of the end of the nineteenth century is yielding. Amidst the ferment of revived heresies, some so old that they are mistaken for novelties, for valuable novelties too, odd as it seems to some of us, amidst that complex ferment the leaven of the ancient Faith is seen working here, there, everywhere, visibly working. The intellectuals of France, so we are assured, are once again ranging themselves beneath the Church's banner: there are signs in England that the core of futility in that attitude which is miscalled tolerance, is working itself out in a gelatinous negation so evident that the thoughtful can no longer endure its crass contradictions, its suppression of fact, its blind tenure of mutually defeating propositions. It is premature to predict: “Of all human faults that of prophecy is the most gratuitous,” George Eliot wrote once. Even those of us who are convinced of the final triumph of the Church are not concerned or able to declare that this finality is on the doorstep. Yet, it may be. If so, Claudel's Processional does really “salute the New Age.”

GERALDINE E. HODGSON.

The Balkans and the Cult of War.

THE phenomenal success of the Christian Allies in the First Balkan War, and the unexpected triumph of Servian arms in the Second, remain obscure to many who had yet some acquaintance with the psychology and political organization of the various Balkan peoples. It is easier to explain the defeat of the Turks than that of the Bulgarians; but in both cases the staying-power that decided the issue was drawn from moral responsibility. The main factors in Servia's two wonderful campaigns were not the Cabinet Ministers who planned, the officers who commanded, but the rank and file who executed. However adroit the action and conduct of statesmen, and however able the resource of military experts, the brunt of the battles was borne by the peasant soldiers, whose minds and hearts were filled with high inspiration as they rushed to meet the enemy. This inspiration was continually renewed in the intervals of fighting by the recitation of national legends and the chanting of patriotic songs. Servia's victories are attributable in the first place to the mothers and schoolmasters of Servia.

It was the Servian women who kept religion and patriotism alive in the home during the long centuries of subjection to Turkish rule. When at last freedom came to a portion of the race, the epics which had so long been lullabies were not discontinued. Servian women have little influence in public life, but their authority in the home is undisputed. Together with his prayers a Servian child learns his duty towards his race brethren. The proverbs and dicta that are women's lore in these parts all turn on national history and martial exploits. The mental nutriment of a Servian infant is of virile and solid components. We can no longer say that it is ill-advised or unsubstantial, since it has had such real results. I have often heard a Servian mother reprove her son with the words: "Not that way will you deliver Macedonia!" or: "Would you be another Vuk Brankovitch

and abandon your brother?" in allusion to the betrayal at Kossovo. The birth of a male child is welcomed with special rejoicing, because he is one day to take up arms against the foes of his people. One wonders what will be now the substitute for the caressing phrase to a babe, "Hail, little avenger of Kossovo!" which I was taught as the correct salutation. By the time the Servian boy goes to school, he is thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of patriotism that is to be practically developed later on, and also with the main features of Servian history and geography that are literally to him household words. The recitation of the poem, "Ya sam Serbin," marks the passage from infancy to boyhood of young Servia. It is a somewhat lengthy enumeration of duties and prerogatives:

I am a Servian, born to be a soldier,
Son of Iliya, of Milosh, of Vasa, of Marko.¹
My brothers are numerous as grapes in the vineyard,
But they are less fortunate than I, son of free Servia,
Therefore must I grow quickly, learn to sing and shoot,
That I may hasten to help those who wait for me.

The Servian schoolmaster can point with pride to the fruit of his labour. What is in most lands an obscure, thankless, and condemned task has ever been considered the most important in the Servian State. The body of efficient, devoted teachers who trained the youth of the country, that is, its fighting force, is to-day acknowledged to be the kernel of its national prosperity.

"The Minister of Public Education requests the Minister of War to release at once from military service all professors and teachers, for they are wanted in the gymnasiums and schools." So ran an announcement in the Belgrade dailies of August 20, 1913. It is eloquent of the part the national teachers had played in the latest drama of Servian history. Every man without exception had volunteered for active service. One, a septuagenarian, took charge of a railway station. Many, fighting as privates, rose to a rank in the army; thirty remained on the field. Thus they taught by example as well as by precept. After having guided the minds and formed the characters of their charges, they marched with them heroically side by side in the fulfilment of patriotic duty. The Servian schoolmaster was the chief apostle of the national ideal, the initiator of success. He instilled the

¹ The exploits of each hero are recounted in detail.

moral enthusiasm that moved men to emulate the valour of famous ancestors, and he imparted the technical knowledge that stood the invaders of Macedonia in such good stead. My own first lesson in "Servian" geography, given by a boy of twelve, was a revelation of the prevailing pedagogical trend. After enumerating the *okrugs* (provinces) of Servia proper, as it then existed, he went on without preamble to name the rivers and mountains of Macedonia, then went westward to Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, finishing up with Banat and Batchka in southern Hungary! He presented them in the "future order of their redemption," and seemed equally familiar with each part of what I found was indeed his regulation school-map of "Servian lands." They were all to be reunited some day, he told me, and what then appeared to me a Utopian dream has now been partially accomplished. Mere manuals, of course, would have been of little use without the living word of the patriotic school-master. When an Austrian Minister accredited to Servia protested against the text-books used in Servian schools, it was made clear to him that the curriculum was subservient in all cases to the interpretation of the teachers, whom it was difficult to control. It is but fair to the Ministry of Public Instruction in Servia during the last half century, to state that it pursued under different *régimes* and parties, a steady course of enlightenment. Both Servia and Bulgaria, as soon as they had thrown off the shackles of Turkish despotism that hindered their advancement in civilization, began to educate their peoples with what some critics described as exaggerated energy. The Church, in both countries, took up the work with fervour, making religion and patriotism keep pace with literary and scientific knowledge. In 1841, while still a vassal principality, Servia started a School Fund, which in a score of years founded 318 primary schools, with 15,563 pupils, and while maintaining this average, the Government did not abate its ardour for development. In 1910 the Ministry of Education and Public Worship spent half its budget on primary schools. There were by this time in Servia 1,305 primary schools with 135,574 pupils, and nineteen intermediate schools. In the newly-opened University of Belgrade there were about 1,000 students of both sexes. Young Servians who had been enabled to study abroad by the help of a Government stipend, were obliged, by a clause in the contract, to spend a certain period, on the completion of

their studies, in their native villages, where they worked as schoolmasters or organizers of agricultural and economical associations, and thus disseminated modern ideas.

Bulgaria had done equally well, but as we shall see, her system was less democratic and less intellectual. She attempted more, and in a more forcible fashion. Her first national Sobrania of 1879 made education gratis and compulsory. Those of her sons who went abroad for wider culture were, as the Turkish youth of the same generation in like case, estranged on their return from the mass of their compatriots. The population of Bulgaria is less homogeneous than that of Servia, where the Slav element predominates. It was not for lack of Government effort that the Bulgarian educational system failed to produce the desired results. The foreign connections of its foreign ruler account in some measure for the favouritism shown to those conversant with and appreciative of conditions in foreign countries. Above all it was the attempt to introduce the notion of caste among this primitive people that hampered the spread of fraternal solidarity so characteristic of the Servians. Bulgaria had in 1888 as many as 2,370 primary schools with 125,773 pupils, which, with regard to her population (considerably beyond that of Servia), was but a slight advance on her neighbour. In twenty years these numbers had increased to 3,163 schools, with 334,779 pupils.

Montenegro, owing to her exposed position, was obliged to concentrate her strength on the defence of her frontier. Unable to devote any sum proportionate to that expended by Servia or Bulgaria on cultural objects, her educational and military budgets were almost identical, though she was continually encroaching on the former for the increase of the latter. Home education is still almost the sole education of King Nikola's soldiers. This reflects all the more honour on Montenegrin mothers. The names of towns and the poetical legends attached to them were on the lips of the soldiers who raced across Novi Bazaar. The swinging rhythm of these magnetic chaunts were to the tired warriors as a drink of cold water to those athirst. Throughout the campaign the familiar melodies brought them a breath of home and a new incentive. During moments of leisure in camp or in hospital, the Montenegrins tried to assimilate book learning from their more favoured brethren of Servia, showing the love of culture inherent in every Slav. In past ages they had in default

of written, cherished oral literature, and I can never forget the delight with which the convalescent wounded of 1912 spelt out in the primers the heroic lines that had been their cradle songs. Schools are now springing up like mushrooms in every village where the Turkish flag has been hauled down, but these schools are not as yet all equipped with books. The schoolmaster however suffices. Three hundred from Old Serbia have volunteered for pioneer work in the new lands and the national epics could have no better exponents.

If the word education be taken in its literal sense, that of drawing out young souls, leading them in a fixed direction, it is indisputable that the methods of the Servian schoolmaster have been entirely successful. His attitude, neither dictatorial nor pedantic, was less that of a mentor than of an elder brother communicating and sharing what he felt, knew, and hoped. At the time of the Young Turk Revolution I have seen boys crowd round the master's desk while he exposed the probable vicissitudes of the Servians in the Ottoman Empire under changed conditions. Then and there they would have followed him into Macedonia, so perfect was their sympathy and trust. Text-books, too, harmonized with the national ideal previously fixed in the home, that of unselfish brotherhood. The task of the school educator was not to implant something new, but to intensify the elements already in existence. The seed of patriotism, sown in the family circle by the cult of unselfishness, was developed in the classroom, so that the boy who failed in what were termed "Servian" subjects, *i.e.*, history, literature, geography, religious instruction, became a sort of moral outcast, no less than the boy who had been deliberately cruel to one of his fellows. Imitation of the martial heroes, whose names live in all hearts, was set before the youth of Serbia as the ideal to be attained in order to win regard and respect. The favourite themes for composition were those forecasting the future of the race; and selections of these, brought to the notice of the authorities, often decided promotion for the schoolmaster. It was judged that, without positive convictions of his own, he could not have led others to the desired standard. By means of frequent conclaves among themselves the teachers were enabled to mould with more facility the juvenile minds for which they were responsible, and to foster an identical spirit throughout the land. Instead of stereotyped lectures, "causeries" were more and more advocated in

the schools, so that a genuine interchange of ideas became possible. From such "lessons" I have always carried away the same impression, that of an obsessing desire to revive the past. In 1885 the Rector of Leskovats Gymnasium, seeing that war was imminent, telegraphed to the Government for permission to register volunteers. With the national colours in one hand, beating a drum with the other, he stood on the market-place till he had a camp full of boys under eighteen, ready and willing to march with him. In September of 1912, a schoolmaster of Kraguyevats exclaimed one morning to his class: "Instead of continuing our analysis of the character of Milosh Obilitch, the slayer of Sultan Murad, let us now start to emulate him on the plains of Kossovo!" When mobilization was proclaimed whole schools offered for army service in any desired capacity. There was no need for exhortation, no need to stimulate the indwelling sense of triple responsibility to the great dead, to living brethren, and to posterity. Common intuition drew classmates together to transform cherished ideals into action. Many of us who had watched with misgiving the national propaganda of the Servian schoolmaster, considering it both jingoistic and visionary, were now confronted with the extraordinary spectacle of an entire nation clamouring for weapons, and for the right to use them on the national foe. At Valievo, at Zabrejie, at Obrenovats, I saw bands of youths in their peasant fustian lying asleep on the footpath after a weary march of many miles, or singing while awaiting orders outside the barracks, the schoolmaster ever in their midst. The schools were veritable recruiting-grounds, and will continue to be, so long as Servia needs to defend herself. Now, as in the past, current international problems will be expounded in the classrooms and the Slavophobe leaders of Vienna journals will be discussed even in remote country districts. The Balkan youth is a born politician, and to divert his attention from home party rivalries a wider interest in things affecting his race as a whole is sedulously cultivated. Now, as in the past, the child's first lesson will be, not the alphabet, but the committal to memory of a heroic poem. The boy who wins the prize for literature will be he who can recite at greatest length from the book of national epics, pronounced by Meredith to be matchless in the poetry of the world. Learning by rote on an extensive scale is an established feature of the Servian school curriculum. It is indeed

taken as the best proof of culture, and has played an important rôle in the recent realization of long-cherished national aspirations. The same idea would seem to have been maintained in the barracks. Among the wounded soldiers in convalescence, those who could recite warlike ballads *ad infinitum* were always sergeants or corporals. Such at least is my experience among the hundreds of soldiers I met. The system of military training, from which no male citizen is exempt, has been adapted to supplement the moral training of the schools. Emotional patriotism is converted, through discipline, into efficacious deed; and uniformity of thought is preserved by safeguarding the text of classical cradlesongs that accompany the Servian through life. Nonsense ballads and jingling rhymes have no part in the earliest recollections of the solemn-faced infants crooned to sleep with the insistent refrain:

Sleep, sleep, my babe, the day at last will dawn,
When the deserted roads will wait in vain
For wonted footstep of the tyrant Turk.

The ditty, which runs to interminable length, was sung by Montenegrins and Servians alike in their marches, and its repetition served to measure the duration of time and distance instead of hours and kilometres. In like manner the ballad of Kraljevitch Marko was so familiar to the lips, and so present to the souls of the combatants, that some of the latter assured me they had seen Marko himself riding on his famous white steed at the head of the men who stormed the forts of Prilep. Officers previously known to me as sceptics in all that relates to the supernatural, acknowledged that at certain moments of high tension they fully shared the belief of these men in the vision.

In the Montenegrin army the majority of the officers were schoolmasters, and one Commander, accused of having recklessly exposed himself and his men, answered that they were mostly his own brothers and cousins as well as his pupils, dearer to him than to anybody. Had he attempted to shelter them, he would have been disgraced in their eyes. Since they first sat in class the hope of avenging Kossovo had been held out to them, and when its realization was possible, no power on earth could hold them back. Servian and Montenegrin schoolmasters considered themselves as apostles, whose mission it was to prepare patriots for the field. Many of them had to subsist on less than £30 a year, and yet the

post of village schoolmaster was coveted by men of birth and family, as one of responsibility and prestige. Many enthusiasts of the profession, appointed to the Servian schools of Macedonia under the Turkish domination, paid for their national propaganda with their lives. The present Government recognizes the value of their work to the extent of almost doubling the number of schools in the new territories as the first step towards establishing its own authority. In the short time since the termination of the war, 203 new schools have been opened, and 110 additional teachers appointed.

The failure of Bulgaria's propaganda in Macedonia—for it has certainly failed—is due to the fact that her schoolmasters employed coercive rather than cultural methods. Her emissaries were fanatical agitators in collusion with bandits, who terrorized the population. The schoolmasters were oftenest recruited from the notorious *comitadjis*, and their main object was to obtain adherents to the national cause of Bulgaria. While the Servian scholars were taught singing in the first place, the Bulgarians learned how to shoot, and all pedagogy tended to make them hate the Greek. They had not the same rich store of legends to fall back on as had both the Servians and the Greeks, but they attempted to make up for it by noisy and often sanguinary self-assertiveness. It is true that the percentage of literates in Bulgaria is higher than in Servia, but this does not imply that the general cultural level is superior. The Bulgarian prisoners in the hospital wards in Belgrade were as a rule acquainted with the alphabet, but were less interested in the reading provided for them than in games of cards and other distractions. Illiterate Servians on the other hand were never tired of listening to anybody who would read aloud to them, or to a comrade reciting the national epics. The indisputable bravery and endurance of the Bulgarian soldier did not suffice to assure his continued triumph, for something had been neglected in his moral fibre. The system of education was defective, inasmuch as it was applied to mould his faculties in accordance with foreign standards of efficiency, rather than to develop and perfect his inherent national characteristics. Teachers were encouraged to be arbitrary rather than paternal. These young nations are not fitted to advance except on very democratic lines, and this fact has been grievously ignored by statesmen under the influence of King Fer-

dinand. The dogged Bulgar should have had, in the eyes of many, a better chance than the emotional Serb, yet we see that enthusiasm, coupled with intense conviction, can hold its own against the blind valour of mere discipline.

As for the Turks, education as we understand it has no part in the national life. The Young Turks tried to foist European methods on Ottoman subjects, but their dream was unrealizable. Too long the Christian priests and schoolmasters of the neighbouring Balkan States had been tolerated for their influence to be finally counteracted. Outside help and instruction was needed, not alone in military, administrative, and financial matters, but even in primary education. The Young Turks looked to Europe for it, hoping to benefit by foreign instructors as Japan had done, but the first attempts led to revolt among the populations of Yemen in the East, and Malessia in the West of the Empire. The execution of the decrees for compulsory education was confided to the Hodjas, whose narrow fanaticism had full play among the ignorant populations. The instruction they offered was incompatible with modern knowledge, the Koran being still for them the sum total of what was requisite for a human soul. The intelligent class was bound to break off and seek at foreign sources the enlightenment that has come to those who marched with open eyes along the highway of the ages. The Turkish educational element could not compete with that installed within the Empire by the Christian subject-races whose schools were centres of national propaganda.

The Greeks had at first primal authority in Church matters as representatives of the Greek nation and as intermediaries in what the Mahommedans considered religious questions. Later on the Porte conferred Church autonomy on the other nationalities, but the Confessional schools were less religious than national in character. The councils that regulated them were composed of three times as many laymen as ecclesiastics. The chief preoccupations of the teachers were the preservation of the national tongue and customs, and the prevention of Turkification or of absorption by a rival nationality. While the political character of the schools became gradually more accentuated, religion sometimes fell into a subordinate place. Exaggerated accounts of ancient heroes and of the glory and culture of past periods, and—most potent—songs extolling deeds of prowess over Moslem hordes

were instilled into the minds and hearts of young Macedonia. While Turkish education remained at the lowest level, schools being scarce and inferior, the Christians had often one school in districts of merely one thousand inhabitants, and the spirit of these schools was eminently progressive. In Turkey a pilgrimage to Mecca is not only considered a sure passport to Heaven, but it affords immunity in this life from most penalties. During the *régime* of Abdul Hamid, moreover, the title of "Haji" (pilgrim) was the first, and frequently the only qualification for a teacher's appointment. Nothing more is required of the pilgrim to Mecca than to honour the Prophet's tomb, throw a stone on the spot called Mussdelif "to bury Satan," and to know long extracts of the Koran by heart. Mussdelif is the grave of a Greek priest who, after having helped Mahommed to compile the Koran by imparting some fundamental truths of Christianity, had a dream that Mahommed was not what he pretended, sent from God, and proclaimed this to the people. He was seized and stoned by Mahomedan fanatics, and on the place of his burial every devout Moslem adds a stone to the existing pile, an act which constitutes a "Haji." While the Christian schoolmaster was of necessity well grounded in national history and literature, and endowed with the faculty of imparting them, the one desideratum for the Turkish schoolmaster was this empty title. In the impact of the two hostile forces, Christian and Moslem, the "Haji's" pupils were bound to go under. In the impact between Bulgaria and the other allies the former, more despotic and less solidary in sentiment, could not withstand the army of banded brothers.

The spontaneous rush of the Servians in the field was the outcome of principles pressed home in the class benches, round the hearth, at the family grave, as at the festive board. The impulse of the officers who charged at Kumanovo while shouting to one another strophes from "The Battle of Kosovo," was the same as that which moved a dying corporal in the trenches before Monastir to play on his flute the dirge of the nine Yugovitches, consoling thereby his wounded comrades.

The encouragement of education that accomplished so much for the Balkan peoples may well serve as a lesson to others, more fortunately situated, and therefore free to inculcate the ideals of a more developed civilization. It is likely to be still more esteemed in the Balkans when better under-

stood. However great their debt to the profession of arms, those peoples will no longer consider it the highest in the State, since the necessity which fostered a spirit of militarism has already in a measure disappeared. Between Christians at variance an appeal to the principles of Christianity is always possible, and so the scourge of war may be averted. Between dominant Moslem and subject Christian the only argument had been for centuries the sword. When peace and security at last dawn upon Europe, the conquerors can afford to lay aside the sword and devote their energy to the arts and virtues of civilization. The qualities of courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, called forth by and practised in war, must not obscure the fact that war is but a necessary evil. The need for the recent Balkan campaigns, as for the present colossal struggle, is attributable to the disregard of Christianity in international dealings. With the decline of the Catholic ideal a barbaric rule was able to advance more assuredly in Eastern Europe and to plant its pestiferous seed in lands just struggling into recognition of genuine Christian civilization. Rebellion against the elevating doctrines of Christianity produced chaos in the West, and resulted in the appalling subjugation of the East to the common foe of Christians. Now that the horror of vassalage to Islam has been removed from the Balkan peoples, their onward course will be an interesting study. But their first lesson will be to divorce patriotism from the exclusive cult of war.

ELISABETH CHRISTITCH.

"*Religio Medici*" and Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

"In Philosophy, where Truth is double-faced, I can be as paradoxical as any man : but in Divinity I love to keep the road."

PARADOXICAL in his philosophy—orthodox in his theology—who can this be but Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton? Has he not vindicated Orthodoxy in a brilliant volume of paradox? Is he not a living example of the most paradoxical of "orthodoxies", High Anglicanism? He has, and he is, but the writer of the quaint sentiment quoted above is not "G.K.C." but that most charming of physicians, Sir Thomas Browne, who chose the fiercest period of the Civil War to present to a nation engaged in a struggle to the death the small volume setting forth his views on Things in General, which is known as *Religio Medici*. In a world ringing with the faction-cries of Roundhead and Cavalier, he sits down very tranquilly to explain that angels, in his opinion, "have an extemporary knowledge, and that the invisible Hand that conveyed Habakkuk to the Lion's Den, or Philip to Azotus, hath a secret conveyance wherewith mortality is not acquainted."

With Cromwell's cannon echoing in his ears, he "cannot but wonder with what exception the Samaritans could confine their belief to the Pentateuch or five Books of Moses": and serenely quotes Lucan on Happiness. Combats he does indeed refer to, but they are the bloodless wars of literary men, of whom he writes with easy good-nature, "How do Grammarians hack and slash for the Genitive case in 'Jupiter! How do they break their own pates to salve that of Priscian! *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.*" And with a vague consciousness perhaps of those same cannon he adds, "I had rather stand the shock of a Basilisco than the fury of a merciless pen."

Still, with all his scholarly detachment from this rude world, he had the makings of a party-man in him, as witness his naive assertion about the "degenerate issue of Jacob"

(his way of referring to the Jews): "This is a vice in *them* that were a virtue in *us*: for obstinacy in a bad cause is but constancy in a good"; a seventeenth century version of Matthew Arnold's, "*I* am dogmatic and right, *he* is dogmatic and wrong." This touch of a very human and very irrational intolerance in our physician is by no means typical of him. As a rule he is tolerant to a fault, though sometimes with a very English inconsistency. For instance, to prove his catholicity of sympathy, he writes, "National repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard or Dutch. *Where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's*, I honour, love and embrace them in the same degree." In fact, if you agree with me, I agree with you.

On the whole he had a wonderfully easy-going temperament, and was very willing to live and let live. His one great *bête-noire* (apart from the devil, who comes in for a good many hard words *passim*) is "that great enemy of Reason, Virtue and Religion, the Multitude." He is in fact no democrat, but believes in "a Nobility without Heraldry, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the preheminance of his good parts." This he calls speaking like politicians, which shows that politicians do not use the same tactics to-day as they did 300 years ago.

Mr. Chesterton speaks much more like the politicians to whom we are accustomed, when he affirms in *Orthodoxy* that in Europe we never really took aristocracy seriously, and that Christianity and democracy are one. He is as much a child of his times as Sir Thomas Browne. The party-system and the Reform Acts have made him a democrat, as the excesses of the Puritans made Sir Thomas an aristocrat (in politics, if not by birth). Chesterton, again, has none of the tolerance of the Medicus. Rather has he all the passionate attachment to clear-cut dogma, all the dislike of misty margins in thought, all the insistence that "what is true is true," of a Grand Inquisitor. He would have made an excellent understudy for Torquemada. He might not have "looked the part," but he would have played it to perfection. He could hardly sympathize with such an attitude as Newman's, that to tell the truth is by no means an easy thing, with the best intentions in the world.

Much more alike is he to Browne in the general cheerfulness with which he looks upon the Cosmos. Both are opti-

mists, though G.K.C. quarrels with the word. True, Sir Thomas does say with a touch of satisfaction, "Methinks I have outlived myself and begin to be weary of the sun: I have shaken hands with delight"—and this at the age of 30! But it is a passing mood. Turn on a few pages, and he has forgotten his melancholy. "Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say I am as happy as any": and really this is the spirit of the book, as it is of *Orthodoxy*.

Very similar, too, are our authors in their creed. Both are Anglicans, but both are conscious of the attractions of a greater church set on a hill. Browne has a liking for prayers for the dead. He will not allow Rome to have a monopoly of guardian angels. He finds "something of devotion" in pilgrims and "fryars." Processions and the Ave-Mary bell make a special appeal to him, and "at the sight of Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour." As for Mr. Chesterton, those who are familiar with his writings are well aware of his appreciation of Catholicism: if any further illustration be needed one may point out that throughout *Orthodoxy* Christianity is always taken to mean Catholicism.

The temperament of both men seems somewhat mystical, to employ a convenient but much misused word. They know there is something more in the Cosmos than meets the eye. Mr. Chesterton would feel quite at ease if he met a fairy on Hampstead Heath. He would not be surprised to chance upon Goblin Market in full swing at Covent Garden. He has even given us a play recently all about magic—a play in which Sir Thomas would have delighted, for he had great belief in the Black Art. "I conceive," he says, "there is a traditional Magick," but he is a little confused by the intimate resemblance between "Magick" and philosophy—not unnaturally, some cynic may think. He holds that in the beginning "a great part of philosophy was witchcraft, which, being afterwards derived one to another, proved but philosophy." It would seem to follow that every well-conducted seminary should have an introductory course in witchcraft.

Miracles, too, he fully admits, so long as they are not worked through "reliques," his distrust of the latter being due, he thinks, "to the slender and doubtful respect I have always held unto *Antiquities*." This is at least an intelligible reason, as any curio-hunter of experience will testify. This belief in miracles inclines him to accept those of the Jesuits

in India, and in his enthusiasm he gets rather carried away and would hold that God can even "work contradictions, this being the *mannerliest* proposition." O most courteous of physicians!

Mr. Chesterton has devoted several pages of *Orthodoxy* to a defence of miracles—a very pretty piece of apologetic indeed, and, like all true apologetic, anything but apologetical. If he is not so quaint as his prototype, he is much more effective, perhaps owing to the fact that he writes after Hume, Browne before him. The latter does not seem to have been cut out for controversy. He apparently failed to convert either "the Doctor in Physick who could not believe the immortality of the soul because Galen makes a doubt of it," or "the Divine, a man of singular parts, that on the same was plunged and gravelled with three lines of Seneca." (The excessive importance which our forefathers attached to authority evidently cut both ways, and served to strengthen scepticism as well as "belief.")

Our good doctor was hardly the man to carry conviction to sceptics. His strong point was an extraordinary power to believe anything, apparently without any grounds whatever, and in defiance of reason. On this he rather plumes himself, and he enjoys nothing so much as setting down a list of the things he believes, noting after each the particular reason which makes it absolutely incredible. With great gusto he quotes from Tertullian (in his Montanist days) *Certum est quia impossibile*, and says, "Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith. The deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by Syllogism and the Rule of Reason." It is an echo of the old complaint brought against Catholic theology, of relying on "mere logic." One imagines he would be satisfied with the present condition of Protestant religious thought, at all events. But one must remember that ten years later he was to write, more wisely, that we must only trust experience and reason. Still, in *Religio Medici* he is the most extreme of Fideists. Although his faith (if one should not rather call it credulity) not merely transcends his reason, but contradicts it, yet he seems to experience none of the mental anguish which arises from the conflict of two opposing principles in a man's soul. He appears to feel no need for being at unity with himself, but placidly accepts a vital self-contradiction.

Of mere reason Chesterton, too, has a distrust, but a much more justifiable distrust. He does not undermine the validity of the reasoning process, as Browne does: what he fears is the abuse of reason. Reason is an instrumental power of the soul: it is a faculty which must have something to work upon before it can work. Reason cannot give the conclusion of a syllogism until it has premises, and in the last resort—in the ultimate syllogisms of thought—the premises are first principles. At the back of all reasoning stands immediate intuition, which transcends reason in much the same way as the angelic intellect transcends the human. Narrow down the first principles unduly, and reason proves a traitor, leading not to truth but to falsehood. Mistake prejudice, suspicions or what not for first principles—omit to take account of collateral evidence, and reason may prove the gateway to the madhouse. The lunatic, says Chesterton, reasons remorselessly to the conclusion that the universe is in a vast conspiracy against him. If our premises are narrower than life, our conclusion will be so too: and if the syllogism which they compose is the basis of our philosophy, our philosophy has failed before it is constructed. And so Chesterton writes, "A man may well be less convinced of a philosophy from four books than from one book, one battle, one landscape, and one old friend." Between this fear of the abuse of reason and the Fideism of Browne, there is the gulf that separates Catholicism from Protestantism.

It would be interesting to know how Sir Thomas came to be an orthodox Anglican. All we know is that his "greener studies were polluted with two or three" heresies, which he has since shaken off. The first was to believe that the soul slept in the grave with the body until the Resurrection, and telling us this he adds the lovely thought—one of those gems that fall so carelessly from his pen—"So that I might enjoy my Saviour at the last, I could with patience be nothing almost to eternity," recalling another casual phrase of his, "The first day of our Jubilee is Death."

The second of his heresies was Origen's—that God's punishments are not eternal. For the third we can forgive him, since it was prayer for the dead: "I could scarce contain my Prayers for a friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his Corps without an Orison for his Soul."

He rests content with confessing to these "Heresies" of his youth, and leaves our curiosity as to his conversion un-

satisfied. Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, chiefly wishes to describe how he set out with a candle to look for the sun: how, trying to frame a religion for himself, he found his ideal already a commonplace with millions: and how, fancying himself alone, he discovered himself "in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom." Both men write to give us their answer to the Riddle of the Universe, but their methods differ.

In their view of the world, too, they take up different standpoints. Milton has turned life into tripping, lightsome verse in *L'Allegro*: but in *Il Penseroso* his mood has changed. For a picture picked out in brilliant blue and gold he substitutes a delicate study in sepia. Chesterton sees the former, Browne the latter. Chesterton is keenly interested in life: he lives vividly and intensely, and he needs religion to explain this life no less than to assure him of the next. Browne, on the contrary, writes with his usual pensive sweetness, "For the World, I count it not an Inn, but an Hospital, and a place not to live but to die in."

But though they look at the world from different angles, for both men it is the handiwork of a Creator. "There is something personal in the world, as in a work of art," says one: "Nature is the Art of God," the other makes reply, anticipating by some centuries Mr. Balfour's recent Gifford Lecture on aesthetic values. And as we close our most readable of pharmacopoeias, we forgive Sir Thomas his outrageous Fideism, we pardon him even for his sarcasms against those who hold that the earth goes round the sun, because he has given us a book which is "a joy for ever." We have compared it with *Orthodoxy*, not only because of the similarity of the subject-matter, but also on account of the similarity of style. Both books are written crisply and sparkle with epigrams, though Sir Thomas Browne is more dignified than Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. He is, in a word, Chestertonian but not Gilbertian.

LEWIS WATT.

An Hour of the Day.

SHE was a person of impulses. In settled plans she found only tedium, except when she turned on them, tore them to bits, and cast them to the winds: and made a wayward pleasure of them and even the taste of the pleasure had a dry husk in it.

She did not pride herself on her inconsequences, for it was no pose: she merely succumbed to it, as she would have done to any other awkward fact—to a hare-lip, for instance, if she had had one. As a matter of fact there was nothing the matter with her lips; on the contrary her mouth was expressive, and expressed nothing objectionable. Not an insistent talker, her lips in silence seemed to say that though she might be a little wayward, a good deal whimsical, she should be loyal, sweet-hearted, and of a kind temper.

Her ticket on the present occasion was for Excheater, and if she sat still the train would bring her there not much after tea-time. But she looked out of the window—because she had a book in her hand which she had rather wanted to read since a friend, whose taste she contemned, had abused it to her. She looked out of the window and saw a clump of windy trees on a round hill half a mile away; between it and her, through sedgy meads, ran a flat river: no, not ran, but moved as though it had no motion. And then she saw a towered town, among orchards, with an abbey or a Cathedral, and a spire or two, and lichen-rusted red houses, gabled, with steep roofs. "Roodminster, I suppose," she said to herself. The sky was blue behind clouds of two sorts—towering white alps, and rags of nearly black, threatening rain. All day it had been a quarrel of sun and rain and hail. The trees about the old town looked ridiculously green where the sun had them; one spire was like a silver needle; the sun had it too: another was grey-black, standing out of the slant of light.

The train was evidently going to stop, and she determined

to get out and see what Roodminster was like. Saxon Kings' bones lay in coffers along the choir-wall of the Minster; and their dried-up blood was quick in her own veins, mixed up with Norman blood, and that of ancestor-kings of Castile and Aragon, France and Navarre. But she had not the least desire to make a pilgrimage to those coffers: she just wanted to see Roodminster.

"Change for Hengish-stone, and South Church, keep your seats for Exchester, Danesport and Warmouth." The porter began to call out: and the guard came to the carriage-door to say that there was no change here.

"But I am getting out. I shall leave my luggage, and you can tell my maid to take the things to the hotel at Exchester. I shall go on by a later train." Whereupon she tipped him, and he ceased to look as if there were difficulties in her breaking her journey thus.

As usual the station was in an ugly new part of the town, and she got into a cab and shut her eyes.

"Where to, please, Ma'am?" asked the driver, who wore a rakish top-hat, rather greasy than glossy, and a forlorn livery coat.

"Oh! to the Cathedral."

"Yes, Ma'am, the Minster."

And thither they jingled and jolted.

"This is Minster Green, Ma'am," the driver informed her when he could not possibly go any further without her noticing the huge church.

Minster Green consisted of a flagged space with houses ranged round it. No two were alike, and all looked delightful. Some were as big as country halls or granges, some quite small like Gothic or Georgian lodges. There were patches of lawn in front of most of them, and quite big gardens before some.

Having got rid of the cab she strolled round the green, and kept changing her mind as to which house she would like to live in.

Arriving at a low arch—between a tall stone house, with a French country-town air, and a little cowering red one like an almshouse: as indeed it was, and said so, by means of a stone mural tablet over the door, averring that Rev. Jonathan Suggest, D.D., had devised it for one decayed beneficed clergyman's widow in perpetuity—arrived, I say, at this arch she went under it out of Minster Green and found herself

in Abbot's Row. There were six small dull houses on one side of Abbot's Row, and the gardens belonging to them on the other side. In one of the gardens an elderly lady was spudding weeds in wash-leather gloves and gold pince-nez. Out of one of the little houses a tall boy was emerging, who pretended he did not see any lady but the spudding lady.

He crossed, leisurely, to the railings, and said over them.

"How do you do, Miss Lancelot?"

"Good morning," said that lady, as she always did till 8 p.m. when she did not dine.

"Good morning, Reginald Glance," said the lady in the pince-nez.

"Shall we have more rain?" asked the tall boy, holding the spikes on the railings but looking round at the weather, which enabled him to see the other lady, who did not certainly require pince-nez. She was strolling on, and did not know that anybody had fallen in love with her at first sight.

At the end of Abbot's Row there was a turn, and round it the lady found herself in College Gate. Half-way down the "gate" there was another arch, and a prosperous man in black stood by it fanning himself with an envelope. He was of a full habit, and the day was, he considered, close.

"Is that the College?" asked our lady when she was also close.

"Yes, if you please," replied the man in black, "would you please to henter and hinspect it?"

He was, in fact, the College porter, and never lost an opportunity of aspiration except when the idiosyncrasy of our language would have sanctioned the measure.

"That, my lady" (she had removed a glove to catch a fly in her hair, and he had seen her rings), "that," said he, "is Habit's Tower, and the first square we call Habit's Quad, and the College is well worth a visit."

She thought she would visit it, and passed under the arch with Mr. Alum, as he called himself *vivâ voce*, or *Ino Hallam* as he signed himself in manuscript. At that moment the tall boy came round from Abbot's Row and saw her go in. It was truly disgusting to think of her exposed single-handed to Hallam's h's.

"This, my lady, is Habit's Quad: built in 1465—66 by Habit Wheatsheaf, subsequently Bishop of St. Hasaph and Harchbishop of York, who founded these colleget premises. Yere you see the wheatsheaf-hor, his lordship's badge.

'Twas repeated in the hangle of the inner, or Pump Quad, but now defaced by Time and boys."

It is not necessary to expose ourselves to Mr. Hallam's h's. The place was exquisite, and the lady by his side did not listen to them. He really knew a good deal, and when not interrupted could say it all in the right order. But the lady wanted to look, and did not care to learn.

"Abbit Wheatsheaf," said the porter, stricken it would seem by a scruple that the name really began with *h*, and must be dealt with accordingly, "Abbit Wheatsheaf founded this College for twelve pore Fellows, in illusion to the Twelve Apostles, and for seventy pore Scholars in memory of the seventy disciples, two and two; the present pupils number five hundred and eleven . . ."

"All living in here?"

"No, my lady, in 'Ouses: except the Collegers that *live* in College. Foundation Boys we call them —"

He called them Foundation Boys, with a low cough, and behind his hand, as though it were an improper or profane designation for which he apologized.

"Collegers," he added, "wear gowns, not in the 'olidays, as at present, of course. Not in their 'omes. Even tho', as is the case in some few cases, their 'omes are in this city. Should you meet one in the streets now you would not know he were a Colleger. In term-time you would see his gown."

The lady *had* seen one, but had not known he was a Colleger.

Mr. Alum showed the chapel: and perfect it was. Then the Great Awl, where the Fellows and Collegers ate—off square trenchers, like little bricklayers' mortar-boards—also the pump in Pump Quad, where Collegers, in finer times, washed themselves of winter mornings.

"Now they employ washand-basins," the porter admitted—reluctantly.

Besides, he showed the cloisters full of little brass labels on the walls to Roodminster boys who had died in battle, or been Prime Ministers, or been otherwise notorious.

"And this," he cried, unlocking a door with peculiar triumph, "is Room 17, probly a Ewnick place of study in Europe."

A large square room, with very ancient oak walls and floor, only that the wall was nearly covered with tiny marble tablets recording the names of boys who had lived and

learned there, boys who had, some of them, passed the last great examination two hundred years ago: very famous and great names some, others long forgotten but of notable fine gentlemen in their day.

There was a huge stone fire-place. There were little study-tables all round the walls, each table at right-angles to them, each with a heavy wooden stool, each with a half-screen of oak, and another screen of cloth on a rod, so that the boy might almost hide himself from the six and twenty other boys, at least, he could hide his legs and his body; if he were tallish his head could scarcely be hidden.

"Yere, and in the same fashion, the boys have studied since 1460—61," Mr. Alum declared, "and yere they study still."

When he paused the dim, large room seemed to assert a poignant stillness, as of all the boy-voices it had ever echoed thrust into an aloof silence.

"Mr. Alum, you're wanted please—just a minute," said a stout apparition in a green blouse with pigeons'-blood ribbons to it, like a vast salad with beetroot trimmings. The apparition stood at the door without coming in.

With profuse apologies to the visitor Mr. Alum bowed himself away and went off with the apparition.

The silence came back and flung itself about our lady tangibly. Nothing could look colder than the huge, empty hearth-place. A stab of light from a high corner of the great window could barely scar the dim, brown shadow of the room. Everything was brown: walls, floor, desks, stools, curtains.

A boy had gone away in a hurry and left a little top-hat on one of the tiny desk-tables. One had left his framed photographs in their places: evidently his mother's and his sister's: in haste for the originals he had not minded them. Our lady wondered if he himself were like them—a handsome lad, if so.

Most of the boys had packed their things away in the lockers; some had fastened brown paper over their bookshelves with drawing-pins. One had left all his things, confidently, exposed. In his books was written *E. S. Cambridge*, and some of the books surprised our lady a little: there were Shelley's Poems, and there was Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, scored and scored in pencil. So even in a Protestant Public School the tragic Catholic already had

his devotee. She moved across to a boy's place who had left his bookshelves open; and a certain poverty they hinted struck her vagrant, quick sympathy. They had evidently all been bought second-hand: for many different owners' names had been scored through and another name written in. *Reginald Glance* was the name written in. They were mostly school-books, Grammars, a *Livy*, a *Tacitus*, an *Iliad*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, a *Latin Dictionary*, a *Greek Lexicon* with a split back. They were rather shabby, and some pages were gone from the *Lexicon*.

Reginald Glance: an odd name rather, and she had heard it somewhere. When? The echo of it in her mind had a prim sound, though the name was not prim. And the name suggested a figure: tall, slim, with a big-eyed face at top of it, dark eyes with a surprise in them, under straight, marked eyebrows. Not a prim figure, nor a prim face at all: yet a dry, tight tone came with the echo of the name.

"Reginald Glance." "Good morning, Reginald Glance." Then she remembered. It was a poor, dull little house the lad had come out of, and he had looked poor, perhaps—she could not recall exactly; but he had not looked dull. A Colleger, of course: a Foundation boy: perhaps Collegers, who paid nothing, were chosen from poor families.

A silly impulse took her, and she brought a paper from her pocket and slipped it between the leaves of the *Lexicon*.

But she was not really thinking of *Reginald Glance*, personally. He was only an item in the mass of youth invisible that had hurried through this dark and ancient place: a mere drop in the river of which these frowning walls were the banks . . . Of her own youth she did not think at all. It was a feature, perhaps singular, of her character that she gave her wayward thoughts more to other people than to herself. She was only a witness ever watching eagerly.

Few places had ever moved her more than this blank room. Its immense age could speak of nothing but youth, its dry shadow suggest only the light and full-blooded hope of boyhood. It made her feel dead already. Time sat there though all the lads were gone. He sat there but kept his grip of them, and would do with all as he had done with the others whose names were on the tablets. She read along the wall and came to her husband's name—only it stood there for his grandfather's father's. This had not been her husband's school, and the stone with *his* name on it was down

at the other end of the world, on the inscrutable, unchanging veldt. She had been his wife five weeks when he went to the war: she was his widow five years now. She was six and twenty years' old—and was she not, half of her, dead already? The beating of youth in her own veins only asserted the triumph of time over the man who had been half of herself and had been of her present age when—

"My lady," cried the profuse Mr. Alum, bustling in, "they kep' me quarter of an hour—and I thought I should be back in half a minute . . ."

II.

The lady would not go to the Minster, though Mr. Alum urged the great importance of seeing it. She would go to the Meads, where the river was, and the grey and yellow light, and open air, and no walls with Time's inexorable master shut in them like an essence.

Mr. Alum let her out of the College by a short way to the meads, opening for her a tiny iron gate with a huge key. Then she was alone, and saw the lovely green flats all sweet and empty before her, and the placid oozing river, and, away half a mile beyond it, the round hill with its windy crown of trees. She seemed to have known it half a lifetime.

There was a path along the water-brim and she walked there, all in gilding light, but towards a patch of cloud-shadow that moved across the meads like the shadow of a ship's sail on a field by a Dutch canal. She had been all about the world, and everything near suggested something else, far off, just as every emotion reached her through some other imagined person.

Now she, suddenly, was thinking of the boy to whom she had given an unauthorized gift. And he was close to her.

She sat down upon a wooden bench, with iron arms, to look back on the town and the school, the spires and towers: for a twist of the river had brought her face towards them again. A tall lad was on the path by which she had come, and he was moving on towards her, not hastily, but with a sauntering hesitation. The yellow light was on his face; and he kept his eyes down. She knew him again at once, and felt guilty, because of the liberty she had taken, though he could not know of it. But her thoughts went beyond him, for behind him, a quarter of a mile perhaps, she could

see nuns walking in a gently sloping garden with a low hedge to it, and a little stream on the nearer side of the hedge.

The boy came to where she sat, and passed without looking at her. She was still watching the distant nuns in their green and golden garden—the sun stretched a long shaft, like a yellow arm, across it.

The boy turned back.

"Is this yours?" he asked, standing in front of her, with his cap off. His dark red hair, darker than copper-beech leaves, caught the light, and shone like metal. He was taller than herself, but to her he seemed immeasurably young, as though she herself were an old woman. He held towards her a handkerchief, with her initial and a coronet worked in a corner of it.

"Yes," she said. "Did you take the trouble to come after me with it? It was very kind of you."

He had not come after her very quickly, or he must have overtaken her long before.

She took the handkerchief, and he gave it to her: but he let it go reluctantly. He stood there, looking at her: and his reverence touched her. There was a curve in his clean-cut mouth that told her he was a lad prone to gibe and mirth, but his admiration had swallowed him up in gravity. The strange red-brown eyes tried not to look at her, but failed because he must look at her: and because he must look there was a singular, pure flush on the smooth boyish face.

"I saw it, and knew it was yours," he said, not willingly, but because his honesty was more insistent than his shyness. "You dropped it under my desk; I saw you through the door, while Hallam was away: when I heard him coming back I went up the stairs towards Hall, and waited: then I went back and —"

"Found it?"

"No. Stole it. I meant to keep it. . . ."

Perhaps some ladies would have laughed—pleasantly. She could not. Neither could she, instantly, speak.

"Then," he went on, "I found you would not mind giving presents: and I wondered if you would, perhaps, give it me—instead."

"Instead?"

He took out the note she had slipped into his lexicon, and held it towards her.

"Yes," he said.

"I do beg your pardon," she cried, all aflush.

And her voice seemed to him exquisite in its tone of rueful apology.

"Oh, please. . . ." he said.

"Indeed, indeed I do. Do forgive me. I never dreamt you could ever know. I thought it would lie there till after the holidays, and someday you would find that someone had tipped you. My own brother would think me a rotter if I did not tip him. Do stop being angry with me."

"Angry! I should be proud of a present from you: I thought you might change, let me have the other, I mean, instead."

She was quite sure now that he was poor. His dress was not mean or shabby, and it set off finely his slim, athletic figure: nevertheless she knew how rich lads dressed. She remembered plainly how the little dull, shabby house he had come out of told of poverty. Of course her bank-note would have dressed him for a twelvemonth. Yet she could not say he must keep it.

"You want this instead?" she asked, holding out the handkerchief again.

"Really? You mean it? You will give it me?"

"Sit down here," she said: and he obeyed her, still bare-headed. Behind him, far away, were the nuns in their gardens and she saw them even as she looked at him; so that her thoughts went through him to them.

"It is a wonderful thing," she said, and every inflection of her voice seemed to him a part of her beauty, "for us to meet like this—two people out of all the world. Two hours ago we had never heard of each other: and now we shall never forget each other, though we shall never meet again."

He did not protest against her sentence: she had said that she should remember him always. A singular proud light was in his odd dark eyes.

"*That* is wonderful," he said, "that you should promise never to forget me."

"It was not a promise. When such a promise is needed it is vain. No: it is inevitable. Of course we shall always remember each other."

And she gave him her hand on it. It was a beautiful hand, not childish, but delicately strong. Among the rings upon it he saw her wedding ring.

"Your coming," she said, when he had just touched her hand, "has brought me an answer to a question. In that room, where your desk is, it was asking itself. I can tell you, because I never saw you till just now, and never shall see you again. One cannot say these things to everyone. The room hurt me. It kept saying that there is nothing stronger than time. That time was master, and had mastered all the valiant youth that the room ever held—enough in all these centuries to make an army. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And that made me want to be on the youth-side——"

"You *are* on it."

"No. I did not feel that. But I like the weakest side best. And I wanted to join myself somehow to the boys; and to establish an invisible relation with one of them. I left him my silly impertinent present, supposing that he could never know. But it was not of that I want to speak: I want to tell you of the question. 'To what purpose is this waste?'—it was that. There seemed something brutal and senseless in that triumph of time. So I came out here smarting under the sting of it. And you came. And just as I saw you I saw *them* . . ."

And she looked beyond him to the nuns. He turned and followed the course of her eyes, and saw them too.

"And between you," she went on, "my question was answered. They sent my answer: you brought it. There isn't any waste. Time hasn't the triumph. There is something stronger. What is stronger than Death, Reginald?"

He did not answer: maybe he could not.

"What are they doing?" she asked. He turned again to look but could not see.

"You think them too far off. What are *you* doing? You and they are both doing the same thing, Loving."

He had from the first moment felt certain that she was not like ordinary women: and her saying this did not startle him with its unusualness.

It has been said that she could not laugh at him because of his boyish admiration and reverence: neither could she pity him. A great emotion could not seem to her either a great folly or a trivial misfortune. It could not seem to her a silly chance, but a stage forward in the plan of his life. She was six and twenty and had mixed long with the world,

but she cared little for it, and had suffered hardly at all from contact with it. She was not what people call "experienced." She had only mistrust and intuition, and they taught her of the boy's sudden, quaint love and romance; and they taught her how great and reverent the love was, how sacred and rare the romance. They did not strike her as a joke, but as a poignant, pathetic solemnity that she must reverence in turn—not ignore. God must have meant it all, and opened by it this door in the boy's boyhood. The light, rain-washed, on the green flats and the hill-side, seemed like it.

He was not looking her way. When she said "Loving" he had turned towards the nuns in their garden, aloof like a picture.

"That is what they are doing," she said. "And it is always lifting them, lifting them, till they themselves are left behind. I can say that to you, because you are come—one creature out of all the millions—and can understand me. Yes. You understand because you are doing the same thing. But you have just begun, and they are adepts. In that dark room of yours I thought I was half dead: because half of what was me, time has killed. And it seemed to me as if the other half of me, here, should not play at being half-alive. But you came, and I was ashamed. My husband is not Time's prisoner, but Love's freedman. He is not less living than I. The *dead* are idle. He is doing what they are doing over yonder. It is the only thing to do. Come, Reginald: I am going, and I should like you to come with me till we part."

She rose, and he went beside her. All along he had looked at her very little, yet he knew exactly what she was like. A slender, girl's figure, a wise child's face, wise and whimsical, wayward and simple, loyal and unservile, grave and cheerful, with a singular strange blending of tenderness and a sort of boyish plain directness.

"What are you going to do?" he asked abruptly, stopping as they walked.

"What they are."

"To be a nun?"

"I don't know. I intend to ask them. It may be that way. I shall find out there. You are not a Catholic, and perhaps you never heard of 'Vocation': it must come or no one can ever be a nun no matter what dress she puts on.

I cannot tell you how it comes. Perhaps in a life-long whisper to most: but perhaps to one here and there like a cry in the night. . . . You remember it came that way to those women in the parable. I think it has come like that to me here, out in these plain, sweet meadows, sudden but sure and forever. Yes; perhaps to be a nun: but anyway to do what they are doing. . . . I have only *liked* Him till now; it can't content me any more. They are adepts, and can show me how to love Him as they do."

They came to the brook, with built banks of old stonework; and across it there was a little flat bridge, with a high wooden gate on the farther side. She knocked at it, and waited. Not till she had knocked more than once did anyone come. Now that they were nearer they could not see into the garden.

Presently they could hear a bolt withdrawn, and a nun looked out.

"Please, may I come in?" the lady asked her.

If the Sister was astonished she did not say so, or look it, but only smiled, as she glanced at Reginald. *He* could not go in.

The lady turned to him and gave him her hand.

"We are never to forget each other," she said, not caring to say "Goodbye."

"Never," he answered.

Hundreds of times afterwards he walked in the meads, and, from the bench where she and he had talked together, he looked towards the nuns' sloping garden, and tried to decide whether any figures he saw there was hers. But he could not tell.

"Anyway she will learn," he said to himself. And, at first just for her sake, he set himself to learn too. There is nothing like the humility of God Who lets it often be so, and accepts from children gifts intended in the beginning for someone else.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

APOCALYPSE.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away."—*Apoc. xxi. 1.*

Shall summer woods where we have laughed our fill;
Shall all your grass so good to walk upon;
Each field which we have loved, each little hill,
Be burnt like paper—as hath said Saint John?

Then not alone they die! For God hath told
How all His plains of mingled fire and glass,
His walls of hyacinth, His streets of gold,
His aureoles of jewelled light, shall pass,

That He may make us nobler things than these,
And in her royal robes of blazing red
Adorn His bride. Yea, with what mysteries
And might and mirth shall she be diamonded!

And what new secrets shall our God disclose;
Or set what suns of burnished brass to flare;
Or what empurpled blooms to oust the rose;
Or what strange grass to glow like angels' hair!

What pinnacles of silver tracery,
What dizzy, rampired towers shall God devise
Of topaz, beryl and chalcedony
To make Heaven pleasant to His children's eyes!

And in what cataclysms of flame and foam
Shall the first Heaven sink—as red as sin—
When God hath cast aside His ancient home
As far too mean to house His children in!

THEODORE MAYNARD.

A French Garrison Town.

FLAT brown fields, ruddy in the sunset; miles upon miles of level surface broken only by the black outline of distant trees or some countryman's cart standing out against the sky; then a little hill, on the slopes of which the town is built, with the Cathedral towering from its summit—this is one's first impression of Bourges. A closer inspection reveals a mingling—characteristically French—of the old and the new; narrow cobble-paved streets, on which noisy little electric tramcars jolt along, to the imminent danger of pedestrians on the inadequate footpaths; motor garages and large modern shops side by side with old-fashioned *épiceries* and *boulangeries*; thirteenth century churches where the remnant of the faithful still worship, and barracks and powder-factories showing the spirit of the new France. The town is very ancient, being originally the Roman colony of Avaricum; its later history, too, has been memorable, for it has played an important part in many of the wars, both foreign and civil, in which the country has been involved. Of the Roman origin few traces remain, except a small portion of the ancient wall, some pottery in the museum, and one or two place-names, such as the "Street of the Arenas"; but relics of the Middle Ages are to be found on all sides, in buildings still used as they were six hundred years ago, and customs which have remained an integral part of the life of the people.

The Cathedral is considered one of the finest in Europe, and will certainly bear comparison with the most famous Paris churches, not even excepting Notre Dame, which, indeed, it somewhat resembles as one approaches it from the western side. It has two square towers, one known as the Butter Tower, being so called because it was built with the proceeds of the "butter dues"—presumably a kind of tithe paid by the townspeople to the Church. The five doorways are decorated with elaborate carvings, above the central one being a representation of the Last Judgment, in which the

saved are seen on the right hand of an angel holding a pair of scales, and on his left the lost, being forced into a kind of cauldron by fiends with two-pronged forks. Inside, the immensity of the building, with its lofty roof supported by rows of massive pillars, overawes the observer and so possesses his imagination that it is impossible at first to gain more than a general impression of surpassing beauty. Several successive visits, however, will reveal new sources of interest to repay more detailed observation. It will be noticed that the pillars near the door are chipped and defaced, though not sufficiently to cause serious disfigurement. This was done by the Protestant soldiers who occupied Bourges during the wars of religion in the sixteenth century, but fortunately the town was recaptured by the Catholics before any worse acts of vandalism had been committed. Still more fortunate, indeed, may the people of Bourges think themselves that their Cathedral to-day lies outside the path of the modern vandals who have wrecked its sister Church of Rheims. The chapels are all beautiful, and it is difficult to single out any for special remark; that dedicated to St. Solange, the patron saint of Berry, who is commemorated in some way in most of the churches of this region, and the chapel of the Sacred Heart, which contains two pieces of Gobelin tapestry, representing "The Death of Ananias" and "St. Peter and St. Paul curing the Paralytics," are among the most interesting. Of all the beauties of the Cathedral, however, the windows must bear the palm. The apse is one blaze of dazzling colour—the deep blue of sapphires glowing from the curved and rounded surface of the glass, on which the figures seem to stand out in relief. These windows, most of which date from the thirteenth century, represent scenes from the New Testament, illustrations of parables, and incidents from the lives of the Saints, the characters in which are all depicted in the dress and among the surroundings of mediæval Europe.

The Cathedral is not the only interesting church in Bourges. There are at least three others—Notre Dame, St. Bonnet, and St. Pierre—of which the present buildings are over three hundred years old, while the foundations are still earlier. In the two latter there are chapels dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, the walls of which are covered with tablets bearing pathetic inscriptions: "Gratitude to Mary for the healing of our mother"; "Thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes

for mercy received"; often simply the one word, "Merci"; and a very touching one from "a dying mother," who expects soon to meet Our Lady in person and thank her for saving her child.

After the Cathedral, the principal "show-place" of Bourges is the palace of Jacques Cœur, a rich merchant of the fifteenth century, who became Treasurer under Charles VII. The building is not now occupied, except by a *conciergerie*, and the rooms are bare of the furniture and tapestry which they once contained, but the stone carving of the outer walls and the exquisite ceilings and fire-places inside are in perfect repair. Some of the balustrades bear the punning device: *A vaillans cœurs rien impossible*. This palace is, in its way, as good an example of mediæval architecture as the Cathedral itself, and there are many other houses in the town which, though partially restored or rebuilt, still preserve traces of the handiwork of builders of three or four centuries ago. The Hôtel Lallemant, which belonged to a family of merchants in the sixteenth century, is in many ways similar to the palace; the Lycée, the greater part of which is modern, has an old tower and cloister which are worthy of a mediæval foundation; at the Training College may be seen a sculptured doorway some centuries old; the house of La Reine Blanche (I was unable to discover the origin of this name), which is now used as a garage, is decorated with elaborate carvings representing Scriptural incidents; and in the wall above an ironmonger's shop there is a projection which once formed part of a pulpit from which Calvin preached.

Another interesting monument is the cross of Moulton Joie, which was set up to commemorate a victory gained by the people of Bourges over the army of the Black Prince. The original cross was overthrown by a storm soon after it was first set up, and it has been replaced or restored several times since. The present one is quite new; in fact, it is only last year that it was blessed by the Archbishop in the presence of a large crowd, after a simple service in the open air, terminating with cries of *Vive la Croix de Jésus Christ!* and *Vive la France!* It is an unpretentious monument enough; a small cross of wrought iron on a stone pedestal, which bears the inscription: "Cross erected in memory of the victory gained over the English by the inhabitants of Bourges in 1356."

It is impossible, however, to give an adequate impression of the charm of Bourges by a mere description of the objects of interest it contains, for it depends on something less tangible—a quality of picturesqueness which belongs to the old-world atmosphere of the place, and which is easy to feel and appreciate, though difficult to define. Such was Bourges, indeed, a year ago, but now its peace is broken by echoes of the conflict which is shaking Europe; its schools and colleges are turned into hospitals, its private houses into crèches for babies whose mothers are working in the cartridge-factories; its quiet streets are crowded with terrified refugees from the war area.

Knowing all this, my mind still keeps the picture of Bourges as I first saw it. It was spring; the sun shone down on the little white houses, with their red-tiled roofs and Venetian shutters, and gardens a mass of pink and white blossom. The silence of the early morning was broken by sounds which marked the beginning of the day: a party of men singing lustily on their way to their work; a news-vendor going his rounds, blowing a trumpet instead of calling the names of his papers; a fruit-seller crying his wares in a kind of plain-song melody. The shops, as in some old English towns, had signs hung out to show what manner of goods they sold; one was adorned with a large bush of some flowering plant, which the shop-keeper had placed above his door in honour of the *fête* of his patron saint. Soon a procession wound into view; white-robed priests and black-clad, crape-swathed people, preceded by the cross—a funeral on its way to the beautiful little cemetery on the hill. On the canal, near by, huge barges passed slowly, towed by diminutive donkeys; the men on them, in blue blouses, voluminous trousers, and wooden shoes, sat smoking in silence. The scene had an almost Dutch stolidity; indeed, the slowness of the Berri-chon peasant is proverbial. A little further on, some women were washing their clothes in the stream. The older women still wear the spotless muslin caps of the province; the younger ones generally go bare-headed, but young or old, their hair was neatly dressed, and their clothes, though poor and coarse, were fastened trimly at the neck and waist; there was not a slatternly woman among them. Soon came another procession, of a very different kind—the soldiers from the barracks, several hundred strong, starting on one of the long marches which are so important a part of their training.

Five or six hours later I saw them return. It must be confessed that neither their appearance nor their discipline, judged superficially, would satisfy a British critic. In their long, ill-fitting coats and baggy trousers, they presented an appearance as different as possible from our ideas of what is smart and soldierly; instead of keeping their eyes rigidly fixed in front they looked freely from side to side; one threw a kiss to some girls at a window, and many nodded and smiled to friends who greeted them as they passed. But I listened to the steady monotonous tramp of their feet, and remembered that these men, with their rifles on their shoulders and their knapsacks and cooking utensils slung on their backs, had been marching for five hours in the hot spring sun; and yet, but for the fact that their boots and leggings were white with dust, one might suppose they were but starting on their march, so cheerful and energetic did they appear. There was no lagging, no slouching, no sign of fatigue; and, seeing this, one looked beyond the clumsy uniform and the easy discipline, and felt that here was a force which might prove irresistible, a vitality which no defeat could exhaust. One was brought abruptly out of the past into the present, and realized—though little guessing how soon the test would come—that slow and old-fashioned as Bourges might appear, it would not be found behind the rest of France if demands were made on its patriotism, but would be ready to play as distinguished a part in the future history of its country as it had in the past.

C. M. BOWEN.

Robert Hugh Benson.

AT midday on Monday, October 19th, I was standing outside Victoria Station with a newly-bought war edition, turning hurriedly to the stop-press page for news from the front. Instead, I found a dozen or so words that left me stunned. "Monsignor Benson, the famous Roman Catholic preacher and novelist, died suddenly at Salford early this morning." It seemed so impossible. Young, and boyish at that (he was only 43), his very name spelt in one's mind vitality—overflowing, effervescent, irrepressible. A bare hour earlier I had been in the middle of one little set of his activities—discussing arrangements for a performance of the "patriotic scene" he had just devised for the benefit of the Belgian refugees; manipulating a begging appeal he had written for a friend's charity; talking with an American priest lately back from a visit to Hare Street House and full of stories of its host and his queer, engaging ways. True, one had heard that he was "fagged," and later that he had had to cancel all his engagements for the rest of the year. This ought to have alarmed one seriously; Hugh Benson without engagements! But somehow one had never thought of him and of death together, though one had talked of it more than once, without at all realizing or meaning what one was saying. How many times in the last ten years friends have begged him, friends (and relatives) have written to other friends to ask them to beg him, to draw in a little bit. It could not last; he would burn himself out before he was 45; and so forth. It was really more than human nature could bear—sermons and lectures booked up, three or four a week, in two Continents for two years to come; a new book always coming out next week, a full-length novel, or volume of sermons, or devotional book, or verses (the day after his death I got the publisher's announcement of a new book, and two days later of yet another as in preparation); endless magazine articles, interviews, prefaces to other

people's books, appeals for other people's charities; openings of bazaars, charity speeches, after-dinner allocutions, talks to school-girls, talks to Eton boys; a correspondence perfectly absurd in its proportions, in which every sort of crank expected and obtained a painstaking diagnosis and prescription for his or her complaint (and what illimitable patience he had in real life for the types he dissected so mercilessly in his novels); and above and before all this, the one thing that mattered—the work of a priest, in the interior life, in the confessional, at the altar.

That all this meant burning himself out, Hugh Benson probably knew perfectly well, and realized far more vividly than we who talked about it. But life was far too interesting a thing to leave any room for rest. It was a wonderful thing to stand between God and men at the altar; also to play "chop-sticks" on the piano. It was a wonderful thing to have a couple of thousand people hanging on one's words; also to carve poppy-heads for the choir-stalls at Hare Street House or devise weird decorations for the bedrooms, to scare one's guests if they woke in the small hours. A month in a nursing-home and a surgical operation was quite extraordinarily interesting—it produced *Initiation*. So was the common or garden Cambridge undergraduate—he produced Algy and Christopher Dell, though I am sorry to say that in such cases the life-portrait generally ends about the middle of the book, and the subsequent wonderful things are what might have happened if matters had turned out so. Everybody, everything, everywhere was far too interesting to be passed by; it must be probed, investigated, dissected on the spot, and then talked over into the small hours of the night. Places or people, it was all the same. Tremans, the Sussex home of the best-loved of mothers, the nearest approach he allowed himself to a haven of rest, is the setting of a great part of *By what Authority?* Hare Street is the doctor's house in *None other Gods*. Malling Abbey, of which more later, is the convent of *The Light Invisible*, and its gate-house, with the chapel where in old days the chaplain used to serve the passing Canterbury Pilgrims, is the old priest's house. The sheer quantity of small, exact detail, of persons and things alike, on Hugh Benson's canvases (and none are more crowded) is evidence enough of the pace at which he was working his imagination and his brain. And the emotional strain was as great. Everyone knows his passionate concern

about occultism in every form—no book of his came straighter from his heart than *The Necromancers*—and in merely talking about such things late at night, or still more in seeking out “haunted rooms,” sleeping in them at night, and lying in wait for their ghostly visitants to exorcise them, he made great inroads on his nervous force. I remember him talking to me once about those things (late at night, of course), and saying how earnestly he wished that ecclesiastical authority would allow a few selected priests to go to spiritualistic *séances* in order to frustrate the evil spirits and save the unhappy victims. They would have to go disguised; the danger would be extreme; the most violent manifestations would result; and so on and so forth. He would be the first to offer himself, not in the least out of curiosity this time, but because he was quite convinced that just now this would be the post of greatest danger in the Church's fight against the powers of evil. It is but one point out of many, but it brings me back to where I started from. Everything, I think, goes to show that Hugh Benson knew quite well what the pace he was living at meant, and deliberately chose to, or felt he could do no other than, burn himself out in that consuming fire which was his love for his Friend of friends, and in that Friend for all fellow-men.

For that, after all, was the point of the whole thing. No one who knew him can ever have had the slightest doubt about it, nor anyone who read his books with any intelligent understanding. Some of the very good people who were shocked at some of the things he wrote, may shake their heads and talk wisely about the evils of multiplicity, restlessness, desultoriness, and point out how many unwise things may result from not stopping to think. But they do not know their man. The difference between Hugh Benson's never-resting diversity and that of people who merely gad about, physically, mentally or spiritually, was exactly the difference between the moth and the flame. He was all flame. That is the key to his character; that is “the secret of Benson.” We who have as much as we can do to nurse one tiny spark dare not dissipate it. He could spend himself on everything he came across minute by minute, because everything to him was the fuel for the flame. To dine out and talk to queer people, to hear the latest music, see the latest art, discuss the last fashionable philosophy, to go up into the heights with a preface about St. Teresa, to go down into

the depths to catch hold of unspeakable people, it was all one to him. He had to set others afire, anyhow, anywhere, and that was all that mattered. It is a small thing, but characteristic, that one of the reviews that pleased him most was that of *The Conventionalists* in the *Westminster Gazette*. "As a novel it is so fascinating that not even the knowledge that it is the deadliest kind of tract can spoil our delight in it." And that flame which was his life, consisted essentially in a certain special devotion which was his in an eminent degree—a vivid, passionate, personal affection for our Blessed Lord. You will find it best described in his two masterpieces, *Richard Raynal* and the little book on *The Friendship of Christ*. It was all the stronger that it came to him not very early; to a soul literally starving after it. He has been very frank on the subject in his own *Confessions of a Convert*. The Benson domestic circle must have been in many ways a difficult one, as Mr. A. C. Benson's too frankly revealing biography of the Archbishop makes plain. Everything was certainly strenuous, and very ecclesiastical, with the special marks of being "reverent, sober-minded and anti-Roman." *The House of Quiet* and *Dodo* were among the remarkable results—especially *Dodo*, which left his Grace "absolutely bewildered." Hugh alone, "our little sheltered boy," who in his little purple cassock was so delighted to strut about behind his father in Truro Cathedral, was the ecclesiastical hope of the family. "I always reckoned on this one to be my great friend as I grew old." That "this one" was starving all the time, how little the old man knew; or that it would be he who should make the completest severance of all from the father's predilections—for anti-Romanism was almost a passion with the Archbishop, the more so by reason of his High-Churchism. Still, all went well. The Archbishop ordained "my son whom I love" (Canon Mason, by the way, preached a violent diatribe against Cardinal Vaughan on the occasion), saw him safely at parish work, and then passed suddenly away to where the eyes that were holden are enlightened.

Hugh Benson's pilgrimage to the Church, so frankly described in his *Confessions*, was always and pre-eminently a search of the soul for God. His brilliant handling of the "paradoxes of Catholicism," his very subtle apologetic of "the plain man," these things were all outworks; essential of course and intensely interesting, but only of meaning as

leading to the Citadel. When once he got inside, "ecclesiastical politics" became as little interesting as anything was capable of being to him. He would only trouble with them when it was a question of using his influence to help a friend out of some difficulty. As he wrote in a private letter, "As to the Catholic Church, there is simply no question at all, *It is it*, and that is an end of the matter." The matter that had no end, that seemed to be always a new beginning, a fresh revelation, was the interior life; under the aspect, first of all, of a personal passionate love for our Lord, and following upon that, and forcing it from the limitations of what is simply human, a search deeper and deeper every day after that interior union of the soul with God, which is the substance of that Mystical Theology he was so fascinated with. He was feeling after both, long before he became a Catholic. The first time I saw him, long before I knew him, was on one Good Friday, sitting as a boy in Canon Liddon's stall in St. Paul's, next to his father in the Archdeacon's—it was a non-choir service. Old Archbishop Temple, then Bishop of London, was preaching the Three Hours. Twenty years later I asked him if he remembered it, and we spent half an hour capping quotations from those addresses. They had made an enormous impression on us both. That grim old man, so antipathetic in churchmanship to us both, had in fact the heart of a child and the simple devotion of a child. He let himself go that day, and preached the Story of the Cross quite simply, but with what fire! Hugh Benson told me he had tried to preach those sermons many times since. In fact he was, in his later High-Church days, accused of being a "compound of Romanism and Wesleyanism," all of which he took as a great compliment.

And his search for the Mystical Union also went back to Anglican days. Malling helped greatly, though he speaks in his *Confessions* rather of the intellectual perplexities that were beginning to come thick just then. The contemplative life of the Anglican nuns there, now the Benedictines of St. Bride's, set going all that train of thought that is writ large in *The Light Invisible*. That chapel in the transept of the otherwise ruined Abbey Church saw great things pass in his soul. And much, too, was owing to the then chaplain, a young Oxford man of his own age, the son of a Low-Church missionary in India. His real name could not be mentioned in the *Confessions*, as he was still alive, but there is no harm

in recalling it now—Father David Richards, O.P., a man of no special brilliance, but of singular charm and of wonderful clarity of soul. He found his way into the Church, after great vicissitudes, not so very long before Benson, and it was largely through him that the final decision was hastened, and that Woodchester was the scene of the reception. As Father Benson wrote to a convert-friend with Dominican interests: "All that country is bound up with my happiness in my mind; the great hills and valleys, and the miles of table-land at the top—like the life of prayer, monotonous, with sensational approaches, but *high up*."

A character like Hugh Benson's may seem contradictory. Is it not contrary to all precedents for such multiplicity to co-exist with real directness and depth? We all know, and he himself proclaimed with engaging candour, that he sacrificed a good deal in surface matters. He wrote too fast; simply slung his ink upon paper. He would often be inexact in the scholar's sense, though his extraordinary *flair* for reality, his power to get straight at what was vital in the books he read, made his historical novels as alive in detail as they were essentially sound in history. He was incorrigible in the matter of "blazing indiscretions"—the horrible passage about the cats in *The Necromancers*, that *corpo santo* that was brought over from France in a box in *A Winnowing*, the execution for heresy in *The Dawn of All*, and so forth. He never could see why the poor people at Mirfield, who got the Kensitites down on them in consequence of the revelations in the *Confessions*, should have been so cross with him; they ought to have thought it a compliment. Also he always saw things magnified. The abnormal was what really fascinated one; to be normal was to afford an interesting study in pathology. Those impossible spiritual geniuses from Chris Dell to Mr. Cathcart and Mr. Morpeth were his pet creations. He was firmly convinced that some great cataclysm was imminent, whether a general conversion or a general apostasy he could not make up his mind. He wrote the two eschatological novels to see how each alternative would work out on paper. It is pleasant now to recall that when a writer in *THE MONTH* cast the cold eye of pure reason over these glowing documents, and pointed out their purely tentative character,¹ he received a charming letter of thanks, testifying that anyhow *THE MONTH* had appreciated his meaning

¹ Monsignor Benson, "De Civitate Dei," *THE MONTH*, October, 1911.

better than most other papers, and had his approval of nearly all its criticisms. In THE MONTH, too, appeared what I for one have always thought one of the greatest artistic triumphs of a great literary artist—*The Papers of a Pariah*.¹ But I have digressed. The things that made good people hold up their hands were to those who knew him simply of no significance, though undoubtedly he was apt to give rather restricted scope to that very sound maxim, *toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire*. The indiscretions were simply those of the *enfant terrible*. As for pillorying in a novel anything ludicrous, or stupid, or *gauche*, that one finds in individual Catholics—why, what conceivable connection had such things with the Church herself? Just because one was so sure of the latter, one could deal freely with the former. So too, his adventures in strange waters, among the fascinations of abnormal psychology, among the dangers of the spirit-world, were so absolutely safe; safe just because he had the utter confidence of the child holding its mother's hand. But one feels ashamed to talk like this of Hugh Benson, though the explanation may be well for the sake of some who did not know him. To know him was to have come within the circle of an influence above all things positive, sure of itself, single and direct of purpose. I seem to have said nothing in this article of his actual accomplishment, writ large in his long shelffull of books—the actuality and brilliance of his controversy, the extraordinary fertility of his literary gift, his enormous emotional power in the pulpit or with the pen—for to me they were swallowed up in the over-mastering impression of his personality. Now that he is gone, a light seems to have gone out of life. And the circumstances seemed so very sad. When one thinks of the most perfect of human relationships, that of mother and son, a relationship which in his case had been marked, especially through the long days of doubt and darkness, by an unclouded sympathy and mutual understanding, one cannot but feel that in dying away from home at Salford, *paucioribus lacrimis compositus es, et novissima in luce desiderare aliquid oculi tui*. But he was not one to shrink from the last sacrifice, he who had so gladly, so gaily accepted the sacrifice for so many years of life, the hidden sacrifice of the temperament that was all nerves, of the ailment that was a perpetual inconvenience with always the shadow of possible danger behind. He lived for the hour

¹ THE MONTH, March—September, 1906.

in which he died. With two quotations which seem to me to show what both things were to him, I will close. The one—of Life—is from a letter to one of his spiritual children quoted in the American *Rosary Magazine* for May last:

What is needed . . . is a letting of all else drop, and falling into God. If we picture God as a vast, still abyss in the depth of our soul, with cliffs round and winding ways leading to it, it is a help. The simpler way, if only we have faith, is to throw ourselves off the cliff into Him (or of course we may climb, by "acts," laboriously down). Then our restless self begins to climb up the cliffs again into the common day. Then repeat the process of letting go. It is so much simpler and less tiring than climbing down.

And death; he has described his own, I think, in the last page of his last story but one:

And as there met him from above that piercing breath of the world to which he went—as clean and sharp and radiant as light reflected from snow—these two tides mingled in him like a chord of sorrow and love and ecstasy. Every image faded from him; every symbol and memory died; the chasm passed into nothingness; and the Grail was drunk and the colours passed into whiteness; and sounds into the silence of Life. The Initiation was complete.

H. S. DEAN.

The Goddess of Ghosts.

Ἡ καλὸν ἐκ μακίρων μυστήριον, οὐ μόνον εἶναι
τὸν θάνατον θνητοῖς οὐ κακὸν ἀλλ' ἀγαθόν.¹

I.

SEATED upon her throne, the goddess Persephoneia could watch, across the wood, the meadows of the Invisible Country. The throne was built of shadow; steps sank away from it to where the portals of her shrine towered like smoke into the black roof. From within this gloom she could look forth, through the twilit wood, into the yet paler fields. Poplars and weeping-willows made the wood, with silvery leaves and white trunks crusted with lichen. In the meadows, asphodel and hueless grasses swayed about the waters which a wind sent gently washing round the stems. What was the wind? The thoughts of men, that set the sick air a-stir, and the poplar leaves a-flicker, and the white grasses swaying by the pools: thoughts, drifting like grey shadows over the wide pools, and putting dim reflections and anxieties into the eyes of the dread goddess. For the ghosts could throw no shadows upon the wan grass, no glint upon the pools, and no surmise into the goddess's glance. The ghosts drifted helplessly, weaker than the wind, with a sound of sighing, and no more. Once in a while some vague Achilles drove his chariot up phantom paths, or an Odysseus drew an unresisting bow to shoot, as of old, through the crescent-ironed axes; but no axe stood there; the spectral quarry vanished before the chariot; the ghosts hesitated for a moment, foiled, in fleeting bewilderment, sighing somewhat, and straightway forgetting and undistressed, for the mind was in them no more at all. Yes, only the thoughts of men, filtering through the mists, stirred in the filmy grass and the unsubstantial trees, and, in the eyes of the goddess, set vague images of things.

¹ "Fair indeed is the secret from the Blessed Ones, that for mortals Death is not alone no evil, but a good." *Epitaph of the Hierophant Glaucos*, and century, A.D.

Almost alone in the sombre goddess, the eyes lived, dark beneath her ashen tresses; perhaps her hands, too, lived,—long, faint hands; and round her chill feet cloudy raiment swept.

But, on certain days, the white mists above the meadows would swirl and eddy; for one, upon earth, would be digging the funeral trench in the soil, and slaying black victims to the stern goddess. And, through the mists, like a blackly-crimson dew, the blood would steal, a hot dew stealing and steaming downwards, and the ghosts, stirred by the sharp scent, woke into awareness, and came flitting in their thousands, shaken like bats from beneath the myriad leaves, the poplar leaves and the willows, lifted like soft, dusty moths from the asphodel and the waving weeds, where they had clung invisible; and faintly crying they would gather together towards the blood, ghosts of old men, and of maidens yet unwedded, of growing boys and strong men slain in battle; ghosts of aged priests, wise long ago; and of captains and of merchants, helpless and outworn, flitting all of them towards the human blood, the hot and crimson blood, falling like dew. And the eyes of Persephoneia blazed black, and her long white fingers she held forth that the blood might settle on them.

But at length, as men's hearts changed, tears too fell gently with the blood; and in the white grass, fronds faintly green unfurled; the warm tears stole tenderly among the roots, and, with the tears, hope shone palely golden into the willow wood. Hope kissed the steps of the dark throne, and the feet thereon. And when at first the anxious goddess was fain to send forth some Medusa's ghastly head to freeze into silence the disturbing thoughts of men, the intrusive, living thoughts, the undying gleam of hope forbade her, and shone upwards to her forehead and her heavy brows, and her long lashes. And she too wondered, and mused back into the past, and held up unwonted hands to Zeus on Mount Olympus.

And first, through the wan fields, there grew upon her gaze a greener field, a sun-golden meadow, where butterflies danced and kingfishers flashed round one who played, a maiden, running and playing and gathering coloured flowers,—briar-rose and violet; jonquil and anemone; iris and lily, and the hyacinth. The winds were warm and fragrant; the whole heaven smiled; and all about the place, lo! the deep voices of the ocean. And it was herself who played there,

and was a maiden, with a maiden's thoughts and happiness. And at that the austere Queen marvelled.

And gradually, other voices sprang, like fountain jets, among the trees; voices of blithe children, whose Spring was at its dawn; of gentle maidens and young men, whom the bounteous seasons garlanded; voices of old men, harping upon harps, grateful for the long kindness of the Earth-mother, and trustful to Her for a life unquenchable and an immortal Spring.

And with harmonious voices all these then sang the praises of the Earth-Mother and of the Maiden, how Pluto, Death, carried off indeed the Maiden, and her Mother sought for her, leaving high heaven and turning to the towns and haunts of men, even her mother lovely-tressèd, gleaming-gifted: for nine long days and nights sought she, holding torches in her hand; and without food and drink she went, fasting and weeping. And at Eleusis, by the sacred well outside the city, in the shade of olive trees, she sat down, like to an aged woman, the nurse of kings. And the King's daughter found her, and she became foster-mother to their infant brother, the son of Metaneira their mother and of the king. And on her coming, veiled head to foot though she were in robes of mourning, the whole house was filled with glory. Yet was she sorrowful and fasted till the dame Iambè prevailed on her to smile, and to taste the mingled drink of barley meal and water and sprinkled mint-leaf. And the babe Demophoôn it was her will to make utterly immortal, dipping him in the fire, and re-moulding him immortal. Thus toiled the desolate Mother for her chosen one, but Metaneira beheld it, and understood it not, and feared for her baby boy, and snatched him away from the goddess who, she deemed, was slaying him in the fire. But immortal for all days was she fashioning him to be. And the transfigured goddess rebuked the wit and will of man, and returned to heaven, and fruit and grain perished from off the earth. Yet among the gods was intercession made, and Zeus did rule that ever in each year the Maiden should return, and live once more, and die never altogether, and that life should never wholly be slain from out the world. Then was the Earth-Mother comforted, and fruit and flower grew once again amid men.

In this manner therefore did the undying hope clothe itself in song; and, reaching her from all parts of the world where the Greek tongue was spoken, the goddess heard her

own history afresh, and recognized, throbbing within her bosom, the life which, after the dreariest winter time, should renew the Spring.

And at last the goddess, seated in her temple of Eleusis, beheld the yearly pilgrimage, and saw at her feet the mighty men of the centuries, the merchants, and the philosophers, and the artists, and the world's supremest head, the Emperor of Rome.

And she exulted in her life, she, giver of Life, and knew that she had dipped humanity in the sacred fire, and that her adepts were for ever immortal and inviolate.

Then on a sudden, a chill air came from the East, then again, more rapidly, from the West, and from the South, and the torches flickered, and the initiates were troubled, and surmised a fearful future, and the promise paled in their eyes, and in the eyes of the goddess a mist gathered. And on a sudden, her torches wavered, and then flared, and then, within the least of little times, went out. The sacred cup was spilt, the bread fell to the earth, the stricken priests and holy women went shuddering down the silent road to Athens: the great gates crashed and a seal was set upon them. Nettles grew in the sacred place; toads sat upon the altars; the pillars groaned, and turned, and the roof tottered. And suddenly again, a hurricane swept from the north, a flame, and the Temple was burned, and the Hall of Initiation fell, and the goddess, for a brief space, with eyes half-seeing beneath her cloudy hair, with smoke-hued raiment trailing in dim woods and by hideous marshes, the goddess, a shrinking guest in peasants' cottages or in the refuges of aged priests, whispered questioningly to the few who listened of an endless life and happiness—and lo, even these failed her, and in a few secret haunts of antique horror, a road was made for her, back, to the hollow places of the earth, and in mist-swathed meadows and in woods of sterile trees, her sad throne heaped itself, and for a while, upon her sick hands, a bloody dew stole downwards; and again, this ceased; and in her eyes light died.

II.

When Elinor Pontefract arrived at Paimpol, Regarded P. Barnet met her with his motor-car and took her out to Kerouël, where his château was. Miss Alsatia Barnet, aged eleven, to whom Elinor was coming to be governess, was pre-

sent as chaperone, and pointed out the different features of the country with distinguished self-possession. Alsatia took an entirely accurate view of life in general and of governesses in particular. She had had many, and she saw at once that she would approve of Elinor.

"You're *different*," she announced, after ten minutes of polite discourse. "I can see you're a *dear*; and I'm just going to love you."

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Barnet and Alsatia, Elinor would, have to meet the two sons, Hardicanute and Duke, and at the time these names, sharp, somehow, and angular, seemed inappropriate enough to the two unknown young men, yonder somewhere in the grey hills.

For the motor-car was tearing its way through a ghostly scenery of dim grass and granite rocks, from which the afternoon light, white and watery, seemed to have washed the substance. Doubtless, in the hollows stood heavy woods of chestnuts, and, by the grim houses, apple-orchards; but shadows effaced the woods in the sunken places; and elsewhere everything, the gaunt granite no less than the stretches of coarse grey grass and faded heather, seemed drowned (Elinor again and again told herself) in a light reflected upwards from the unseen Atlantic and then filtered spectrally downwards from the pale grey sky. Just brighter than the sky, just more milkily iridescent, the Atlantic showed, for one brief moment, through a division in the hills: but it could never be forgotten.

Probably anyone will feel, on entering upon an entirely unknown world, upon a space in life where places and persons are new and probably unlike past experiences, a certain sense of unreality, a lack of adjustment of himself to his environment, a lack of continuity of action with that imminent future. And since for the most part one remains real to one's own self, and consciousness is rarely reduplicated so as to make one's very body, its behaviour and words, seem alien and distant, an acted show to be watched with half-focussed attention, it is as a rule merely the outside world which seems dreamlike and unconvincing, to be suffered quietly until vital inter-communion shall return. So for Elinor, not all the sonorous onrush of the motor-car, not Mr. Barnet's burly figure at the wheel, nor Alsatia's crisp and unchildlike comments, could free her from the sense that she alone, at this moment, was real, and that the millionaire and his small daughter were but ghosts in a ghostly world.

Yet as the car crashed over the shingly lake which spread between ill-cropped grass before the château, the sun came out for a moment, and green and palely-gold reflections stole like returning consciousness into the wan face of the world.

The château was of a very ordinary type, and only a superb flight of curving steps added dignity to its façade. White, with high-pitched roofs, and with its four pepper-pot turrets at the corners, it turned innumerable windows towards the drive, the ragged grass, and the rolling country; its back looked to the gardens, and then woods, and finally the downs which curtained the Atlantic.

At the head of the steps stood the reassuring figure of Mrs. Barnet. She wore a heavy black skirt, a mustard-coloured and rather ragged jersey reaching almost to her knees, and some startlingly fine diamonds, though it was only afternoon. You would immediately have noticed, too, her splendid ill-dressed hair, and her astonishing kindness of expression.

Mrs. Barnet smiled broadly and kissed the girl on both cheeks.

"I think you're *too* sweet," she said, satisfied with Elinor, as Alsatia had been, in one penetrating glance. "I want that you should feel you've got a real home here at the château."

"I see that its *châtelaine* means to make it so," said Elinor, smiling in return.

"The château," pursued Mrs. Barnet, noticing at once that not even the motor-drive had flushed the tired girl's cheeks, "will give you back your colour. It's the *duty* of everybody who can, to have a colour. And you're English, and the English always can, if they're looked after!" Her own looks, she knew, were nothing except at night. Then the torrent of electricity lit up her very talk into brilliancy.

"First," she dictated, "you shall see your room; and then you shall have tea. I don't drink tea myself, not in France. But it'll be better for you than liqueur. Then you shall put your feet up and we'll chat."

She led her away through the wide and bland apartments, with their panelled walls and Empire decoration.

Even tea, served in a parlour almost modern in its cushioned comfort, failed to restore Elinor's complete grip upon reality. Clearly the journey must have tired her excessively: Mrs. Barnet's voice still sounded distant, and her

words pattered upon Elinor's brain as though it were outside herself, like leaves whistled by sudden gusts against the window.

Lying on her long chair Elinor could watch the iridescent park, where the falling twilight put all manner of tender shadowy veils upon the shivering poplar trees and pines. Beyond, lay meadows white with mist, and the grey hills melted into the scarcely paler sky.

"Of course, my dear," Mrs. Barnet was proceeding, "you'll like that I shall be quite frank and simple with you. I know you're a Catholic and all that, and I know how much you must want us all to be too, and I'm sure I don't wonder at it. Oh, dear, if only I'd been *born* one, as I always tell Barnet! But I couldn't change! Never. Not as his wife, I couldn't. You see, I have a position. And then—well, long ago I thought I might; and if I'd been born one I should have stayed one, of *course*. But *become* one—well, after a certain time one just can't. It just wouldn't be *real* of me. Once, I was telling you, I did so want to be! At my lovely convent of course all the nuns were longing to make me one, and what with the lovely chapel and then Benediction and your beautiful Virgin—well, what I always say is, she's *mine too*; my! you should see the flowers I send them in May. She's mine, too, and you musn't grudge her to me: everybody's always had a lovely Mother in Heaven like that to help them; look at the Egyptians with their Isis and the Romans with their Juno and I don't know what all. You ask Barnet. He'll show you his own special one. *He'll* explain. I know you don't take it quite like that; and Barnet shan't bully you—he's terribly learned, you've no idea. Oh, he's quite unlike what you've been thinking of him. You wait. Well, you think your Virgin's something no one has but you: but she *isn't*. We've all of us *got* to have her, and that's the fact, my dear. I've got my own little religion, you know, though it isn't yours on the outside, and I don't talk about it. But you be sure that wherever I see anything that's beautiful and that helps, I just *take* it. Why, when I saw this dear old house, I knew at once it would make me right down *good* to live in it, and so I just said to Gardy, 'Take it,' and here we are. And that's why I take your Virgin, only you musn't take my Alsatia, to come back to the point. I spend all my time trying to be good and helpful and make other people feel good, but just you don't take my

Alsatia away from me, my dear! I couldn't have that, not yet at any rate. And I don't really believe in French or Italian marriages for Americans, and a satisfactory English Catholic it's *very* hard to pick up. So if only you'll keep your religion away *in that sense*, you'll find me ever so kind, I do hope."

And she looked at Elinor, as across a bridgeless gulf, with her unfocussed eyes of a kindly millionairess.

The evening pursued itself calmly, and Elinor went early to bed, waking up into a tingling, sunlit air, brisk with the breeze.

"Now this is your first day, Miss Pontefract," Mr. Barnet announced at breakfast, which she had refused to take in bed," and you're just going to learn your bearings. And I'm going to do the honours myself, and run you round the estate. And since it's Saturday, you'll like to see where the church is, I don't doubt. I'll take you down there this morning, Miss Pontefract, and you can find your own way back, or come back with me, exactly as you please."

She was touched at this thoughtfulness, just as she had been by the dainty Friday dinner Mrs. Barnet had mindfully ordered for her last evening.

"We feel," said Mrs. Barnet, "that though we can't pretend to be Romanists, of course, we ought to give good example to the peasantry. We don't go to the morning Mass, because we feel they wouldn't like it, somehow; and anyhow, I'm sure *we* shouldn't; I don't know why. I think there's something odd about your Mass: of course I go at my friends' weddings or funerals and all that, but somehow it makes me feel so *small*, your Mass does! It's so old and so odd, and it simply doesn't care for little people like Barnet and me, though the rest of the world attends to us *some*. It won't suit itself to us or ever explain itself, and you can't spoil it, my dear, not even you Romanists, with your worldly music and your solos and programmes and your celebrations in drawing-rooms. Ah, I've watched you at it! I've seen you! But we go to the evening service. That's more for all of us, I think."

"Yes, we feel we ought to do something to observe Sunday and give example, Miss Pontefract, y' know," he resumed. "I can't say I'm pious, but I always change my clothes for lunch on Sunday, and have the curate or something like that up for a meal. It's the *vicaire's* turn to-morrow; good little

chap, Miss Pontefract, and all over you English. Talks it. Queer little fellow. You'll see him. In fact we'll have 'em both up, in your honour. Very well. Shall we say at ten o'clock?"

At ten o'clock they started. They saw the motor-house and the dairy; they visited the rather bleak Italian garden, bright enough with its formal carpet-beds and hedges, but hopelessly out of keeping with the rolling Breton scenery from which its balustrades divided it. Driving a small pony cart up a road unfit for motors, Mr. Barnet took Elinor to the Downs, and lo, on a sudden, the Atlantic, a dim blue, like the blue on the wings of certain butterflies, a blue just veiled in invisible black, a blue in mourning. The Downs sloped towards it, and broke into black rocks, sparkling beneath the sun. But in the village itself, into which they dropped, all was mellowed, crusted, austere and yet friendly. The cobbled streets and the grim houses were grey enough, almost sinister with their black gaping doors: but every house, almost, was festooned with delicate blue nets enriched by the wall-flower colouring of the corks, and the same rich russet followed its way through the streets and the quays, browner always in the leggings or coats or bérêts of the few sailors there, and tawny even to vermilion in the decorations on the sails of fishing smacks. But not till evening would the scene find full animation. Then in the splendid sunset the fishing-boats would return in their scores, with their rigging golden. Even in this summer-time, when so many were afar in the northern seas, the sunset homeing of the fleet was a manifold loveliness.

Elinor's spirits rose and she felt altogether a different woman as she jolted down the steep streets and looked about her. Never in her life, perhaps, had she made any deliberate effort to attract or conquer anybody. But she always unconsciously assumed that she was welcome, and without a shadow of intrusiveness her smile was immediate and for the most part irresistible. Before the morning was over, she had made half a hundred friends! Whenever she saw an old grandmother sitting in the sun, her rosary slipping between her fingers, her heart leapt with Catholic delight, and she smiled her way straight into the old dame's soul. She could have held out her arms to take any one of the brown babies carried by their sturdy mothers through the village; she laughed outright with glee at the pleasant little statues

of St. Anne, St. Yves, St. Joseph, by door and window; she wanted to kiss her hand to them; she loved their homeliness—that was it! she felt herself at home, in the Catholic fishing-village; she was in among her own, a traveller returned; she felt herself real at last, in a real and welcoming world.

"Oh!" she cried more than once, "It's the real thing! the *real* thing at last! What *good* luck to be here!"

And Mr. Barnet, delighted, was convinced the girl was happy to have voyaged, to have come to a new country, merely read of, hitherto, in books. And he envied the freshness of her soul, which, for pleasures long since to him insipid, could shine through her eyes like stars.

Having arrived at the little church, Mr. Barnet remained outside, from good feeling, but declaring he had to hold the pony, whom not the last trumpet would have scared. Elinor, still in her mood of childish exultation, dipped her hand, on entering, almost to the wrist in holy water; she lifted the unaccustomed priedieu and placed it, just for the joy of the un-English action, in another position. Then, recollecting herself, and not looking anywhere around her, she bowed, and adored the undeparting Presence. "The *real* Presence!" she repeated to herself, hugging the formula. "The *real* thing! It's all *real*, to-day." Then she knelt erect, and peered about. She saw, and understood, and approved the model ships hanging there from the roof: in a hundred votive pictures Mary and St. Anne appeared, blue-habited, shrouded in cloudy splendour, to relieve the sick or intervene in accident, or still the storm; and she invoked these names in their beloved French tongue. Nets festooned the columns; she inhaled their scent of tar, and it was only less fragrant to her than the memories of incense. She bowed again, and then made pilgrimage to the many statues, invoking each imaged patron as she halted, even when she failed to recognize him. "Grand Saint sans nom," she prayed to Saint Benoit Joseph Labre, the beggar man, still unknown to her, "ayez pitié des pauvres; faites que je sois pauvre d'esprit." "Douce Sainte," she whispered, before the dim statue of Ste. Françoise d'Amboise, the royal nun, "bénissez les petits enfants; bénissez les jeunes filles de cette paroisse; bénissez ma vie de pauvre institutrice et faites que je reste petite, et humble, et reconnaissante—ah, certes! reconnaissante."

She lit a candle before Mary and the Crucifix, looked lovingly at the muslin-capped heads of two or three old women, bowed in prayer, and returned to Mr. Barnet.

His mood, while he waited, had changed.

"You'll excuse my saying, Miss Pontefract," he began, after a long pause, "that I regard yon church you've just left as the workshop of illusion. I hope I've not taken you aback."

She certainly was startled. However, her habitual necessary self-control did not fail her, and she answered almost lightly that for her part she'd been thinking that it was the one place in the world where everything was real.

He reflected upon this in silence.

She resolved to startle him, in her turn, the least bit in the world.

"It's one's ordinary life, don't you think," she suggested, that is so unreal? The realest things there are, are birth and death, after all, and marriage and I suppose money. And yet one only talks of death in round-about phrases, and one isn't supposed to talk of birth at all. And society decorates and disguises courtship and marriage till no one knows *what* they mean—at least the girl doesn't. And nobody tells the truth about their income. I don't suppose even you do."

"Upon my honour, Miss Elinor," said he, looking at her, "you're a very unusual young lady."

He was glad to see she made no mock-diffident excuses for her volubility or her frankness.

"Thank you," he added, "for not saying: 'I hope I haven't shocked you, Mr. Barnet.'"

She was silent, and he on his side felt infinitesimally, but justly, snubbed. The girl, then, knew what was possible, to a hair's breadth.

"I mean," he resumed, with heavy brows, "that what you see right now of this village is illusion. And what they go into that church to look for is illusion too. It's a pretty place to you, to-day, this; it's a neat thing, what with the nets and the flowers and the comic opera staging of it all. But wait till the wind blows and the colour's gone. How many of those children 'll ever see their fathers? Down they go, under the icebergs; the grey sea gets 'em. Oh, it's a dreadful thing, Miss Pontefract, a shuddersome thing, these fishermen's life. The unlovely boyhoods; the coarsened adolescence; the drunkenness and the violence of the men—what harbour but is full of their traces? And the harsh virginity, the brief wedlock of the women: then, the waiting, waiting, waiting; and then the early widowhood, and the waiting all over again. No wonder Brittany bristles with Calvaries;

and the churches are never empty of the black cloaks and hoods. They *must* have a drug."

"It's something," she said, "that they do find happiness. Or at least strength to suffer."

"It isn't strength," said he. "The men cave in. Look at 'em directly they leave Brittany. They collapse. They go to the dogs in a fortnight. The women—well, like all of you, they're tenacious. They can stick out suffering as men can't. But in their minds they're fatalists. They know as well as I do that the Atlantic's at the back and the end of it all, and their very songs echo it."

She listened in astonishment to his meditation.

But, as the pony-cart jolted up the hill he began to hum a melancholy little tune, and then gradually took up the words

Nous avons vu partir nos pères
Pour les grand' pêches meurtrières . . .

He broke off, and resumed:

L'Océan les ramènera—Lon la!
Chantons lon la déridera.

"I *don't* think," he added, with the brutality of a suffering, unbelieving heart.

Nous avons vu notre grand frère
Chantant bien haut pour se distraire,
Qui buvait les pleurs de ses yeux
Avec le cidre des adieux . . .
L'Océan le consolera—lon la!

"Ah," she cried, "my poor Bretons aren't so cynical as that, surely?"

"How you respond!" he said, gloomily. "Hearken some more."

Nous avons vu notre grand' mère
A genoux au pied du Calvaire
Prier la Mère du bon Dieu
De lui garder son dernier feu—
L'Océan le lui gardera!

"Oh," she said, "but it's a cruel song. I'd no idea. . ."

"And as for the sisters—as for their 'accordés'—well, 'L'Océan les épousera.' There is a Monster for you! a Fate! That's the only certainty. Even the children know it, in their dreams . . . 'Et dans les lits-clos, sous les buis bénits, Les tout petits gas se sont endormis . . . ' What do they say in their dreams? here is cruelty! the relentlessness of the too wise child, Miss Pontefract!"

Nous avons vu nos bonnes mères
Verser des larmes ben amères . . .
Nous les ferons pleurer aussi
Quand nous partirons loin d'ici . . .
L'Océan nous endormira—lon la!
Do do, lon la, déridera . . .

She protested no more, but remained silent till they reached the crest of the downs and had begun to jolt down the further side and entered the château property.

"In a moment," Mr. Barnet said, "I will show you something which will interest you. I'm sure you read Greek history?"

"Just a little," she nodded, glad of the changed subject.

"Well, remember all you've ever heard of Persephone and Demeter and Nemesis and Fate," said he, and again her spirits sank a little, though the intrusion of these ancient names and notions into the living scenes she had been contemplating seemed quaint and perverse.

On the slope of the hill, to their right, stood a fenced grove of cypress-trees, a dead black patch upon the grass. Mr. Barnet hitched the reins over the gate post, opened the wicket, and ushered Elinor into the grove. She stepped a few yards down the sanded path, turned abruptly to the right, and stood astonished.

The grove was really a dense-walled hollow oblong. Inside the fence of trees a low white marble parapet ran round all four sides, with a space, by which one entered, at the nearer end. The cypresses too parted on the left, and framed with solid black an enormous view, the more elusive and ghostly for their blackness, a grey-green rolling country, the fields tinted cruder green and brighter yellow, flecked with poppies, doubtless, and white farm buildings, yet phantasmal and almost shocking in their silence and immobility. The middle part of the oblong was filled with a marble tank with a narrow marble pavement running round it. Along the near end of the tank, by a little bridge, stood a semi-circular marble bench, and confronting it on the extreme part of the enclosure, rose a statue, white against the cypresses.

"Can you read," said Mr. Barnet, "the inscription on the pedestal?"

She stooped forward a little—"Pale"—she began; "Ah," she cried, "I know it, of course:

Pale beyond porch and portal
Crowned with calm leaves SHE stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands.

The Garden of Persephone!"

"You read Swinburne?" he asked, flinging himself heavily on the seat, while she went slowly round, her hands hanging clasped in front of her.

"Rarely," she answered, and then added, with a touch of malice, "I find him a little too Victorian."

"Victorian!" cried he. "You are the most astonishing young lady; you really are. Whom d'you find modern enough for you, if Swinburne's too old-fashioned? You really are quite interesting. Come right here and sit down."

She looked at him a moment and went on, slowly pacing the marble.

"Come on," said he, his face thickening. "Come right here."

She made up her mind to it and sat down at the further end of the bench.

"Explain the statue to me," she said lightly, "and all this little garden."

He laughed a little, and pulled himself together.

"You know about Eleusis, of course? Very well. That's Persephone, the Maiden. I wanted the British Museum Demeter and she's even more august, sitting there with all the majesty and the misery of Earth in her eyes . . . but of course I couldn't get her. And then my idea changed. I said to St. Leger, 'Make me a Persephone.' The *Ewig Weiblichkeit*, the *Ἀντοράη*, the ultimate Maid and Wife and Mother at the back of the whole cosmos. For, of course, you'll credit me, Miss Pontefract, with the sense to see that the All-Force is to be conceived as feminine. We know, of course, that it is neuter, or rather a transcendent Both, a Brahma, a Pan; and Jupiter and Jehovah have failed, as symbols; even Dionysos, even Osiris doesn't go far enough. Persephone is still a potent emblem; Persephone, Isis, even the bloody Kali, even—yes, even Astarte, credit me. The unreasoning craving which is responsible for this world-process; this savage thrust, through pain, from unconsciousness into reproduction and relapse, is best seen as virginity and motherhood,—oh, a Moloch-motherhood, no doubt, devouring its offspring; but an eternal cycle of life and death, victorious each in turn; no new life without the rending and destruction of its first swaddling clothes; no death which doesn't manure the fields for an irrepressible new birth."

But Elinor's sense of humour was recovering itself. She smiled with the tips of her lips. He didn't notice it, and went on.

"Really, my Persephone is that Ultimate. Look at her. Sexless, ageless, in reality nameless. Death, Immortality, Eternity! That is what is real! What, in moments of utter desolation, is more reposeful to the soul than the notion of the Unconscious, the Eternal? The peasants are allowed to come here to meditate. The wicket is not locked. After storm or drought, or death of a child or a husband, the women come here to sit on this bench and contemplate Persephone and find repose. It is America's gift to Kerouël. I, the utterly new, recognize the force and meaning of the most ancient of all, and I give them this statue, this musing place, in honour of Eternity."

Elinor laughed outright.

"Oh, Mr. Barnet," she cried. "They won't want to come! Believe me, they won't want to. They know better. I'm an ignorant and impressionable girl, and you showed me that perhaps I didn't know the Bretons, and you made me miserable with your song; but they're Catholics, you know, and so am I, and I know how we feel inside about this sort of thing, and, honestly, you don't. Oh no, you don't, not one little bit, though you're so learned, Mr. Barnet, and can bring great statues from America and plant cypress groves with Greek marble colonnades on a Breton hill, and . . ." She broke off.

"I see," said he, injured, "that you don't want me to show you how *this* is the real Catholic religion, what I've been telling of, Miss Pontefract, not your restricted symbolization of It. Yet even among yourselves are Initiates. *They* know the Secret Doctrine. Just a few of you—oh, not necessarily the Pope himself, though his position's necessary. Just a few of you know what the Hierophant knew and told; what the Great Souls among the Indians and the sages of old Egypt knew. The secret tradition! Yes, charming as you are, you don't know it, Miss Elinor; and I should be most justly excommunicated if I tried to initiate you into the truth. The infallible Church is ever most tenderly mendacious for the sake of the Man in the Street."

"Please—please—please!" she cried, smiling still. "Don't think I've never read about the Gnostics; and I've read quite a lot from the Theosophists; and even the Modernists! I won't have one word to say to you! *voilà!*"

"Not even curiosity will move you? Then please will you notice," he said politely, "how neat this little place of mine is made. See those indentations on the marble path

around the pool? They're modelled from the chariot-tracks still visible on the Sacred Way from Athens. And this little bridge? When the Eleusis procession came to some streams called Rheitoi, it had a bridge made for the priestesses carrying the Sacred Objects (I won't tell you what they were, Miss Elinor . . .), but since chariots were forbidden to cross the spring, it was purposely made just too narrow to admit any. The accounts still survive, carved on marble. And this is just the same size. Ah, I get the whole thing up, Miss Pontefract, when I turn my mind to it. I get right *there*, all the time."

He showed her other antiquarian oddities and then they trundled homewards.

(*To be concluded.*)

C. C. MARTINDALE.

HYMN FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

(*November 30th.*)

The voice spake to his opened ear,
Behold the Lamb of God!
 And ne'er thenceforth his footsteps strayed
 From the true path they trod.
 First follower of the Lamb of God,
 First to proclaim His way,
 He came and saw where He abode,
 And stayed with Him that day.
 First knower of the Gift of gifts,
 And first the Gift to share,
 He brings his brother to the Christ
 For welcome large and fair.
Behold the Lamb of God! He looked,
 And saw with opened eyes,
 And followed, followed, all the way,
 On to the steep uprise;
 Through ceaseless duty, care and pain,
 And all of earthly loss,
 On to his hill of sacrifice,
 To share his Master's cross.
 Through glorious shame to perfect light;
 Through loss to utter gain;
 Up to the central joy that is
The Lamb as it were slain.

EMILY HICKEY.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

Papal Vacancies.

IN the *Church Times* for October 9th, the Rev. N. Green Armytage offers an argument against Papal Supremacy which he recommends as both simple and conclusive. It is drawn from the fact that the Papacy, being an elective sovereignty, is essentially discontinuous, lapsing during each interval of vacancy; whereas, he urges, "no means of salvation must be intermittent, seeing that there is daily need for their use, a need which cannot await the conclusion of tumultuous, lengthy and frequent conclaves, repeated a dozen times or so in each century." By way of corroborating this position Mr. Green Armytage cites the law of the Aaronic priesthood, which passed by primogeniture from one incumbent to another; and the break-down of the idea that a Pope can nominate his successor, which it was sought to introduce in the sixth century but which, not having been resorted to on any previous occasion, was felt to be too hopelessly opposed to the Vincentian Rule. He also offers as a contrast the rule of the whole Episcopate, as Anglicans conceive of it, claiming for this that "it is not only not intermittent in its action, as is the Papacy, but both exists continuously and increases with the increase of those that are baptized."

This ingenious argument against Papal Supremacy may not seem of sufficient consequence to be taken up. But we have come across well-meaning persons who have thought there may be something in it, and for their sakes it may be worth while to examine it briefly.

(1) "No means of salvation must be intermittent, seeing that there is daily need for their use," which cannot await the conclusion of long and frequent conclaves. Here we must distinguish. If during a time of vacancy the administration of the sacraments had to cease, the intermission might be fatal. But this does not happen. As in the case of episcopal

vacancies, so also of Papal vacancies, temporary authorities come into office and by the general law of the Church have all the faculties necessary to ensure the continuance of these essentials of pastoral administration. If the term "means of salvation" is intended to include such matters as appointments to benefices or the aggregate of administrative acts necessary for the preservation of the Church's unity, these can stand over without excessive inconvenience during the intervals of vacancy. If, indeed, as has happened on rare occasions in troubled times, a vacancy is protracted for a longer period, evils from the lack of a supreme ruler can arise serious enough in themselves, but none have ever arisen involving a break-down of the system, a thing we may attribute to the special providence which watches over the destinies of the Holy See. And here it should be observed that during the forty years of what is often called the Schism in the Papacy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, there was never a long vacancy, there was only a difficulty in some countries of obtaining decisive evidence by which to judge between the claims of the rival successions.

(2) Whilst the Papacy, undeterred by the fact of its numerous vacancies, has been splendidly successful in preserving unity throughout its world-wide spiritual dominions, the adverse theory of an episcopate without a visible head, illustrated in the aggregate of communions like the Anglican, has never been able to point to any sort of unity among its adherents worthy of the name. On the supposition then that unity is to be regarded as a *desideratum*, not to say an essential, in the constitution of the Church, it would seem that if the system of an electoral Papacy is to be ruled out on the grounds suggested by our critic, one or other of his two remaining substitutes for the preservation of unity must have been chosen by its Divine Founder. Yet who would have expected our Lord to choose an hereditary Pontificate on the same lines as that of Aaron? God did choose it for the earlier covenant, and for that it was manifestly suitable. Can we imagine that it would have been as suitable for the Church Catholic diffused throughout the world? At all events, no one imagines that our Lord did ordain an office of supreme rule for His Church which should pass down through the ages by a law of carnal descent; and we can think of good reasons to explain why He did not. The other suggestion, that to avoid the evil of vacancies He could

have ordained that each Pope should appoint his own successor, does not rest on the same basis. In one case, that of Felix IV., a Pope did appoint his own successor, and Boniface II., the successor thus appointed did the same, but revoked his act of appointment before his death. Save for these instances no Pope has thought of providing by this means for the continuation of the apostolic line, and we can understand why the Providence of God should have prevented the establishment of a custom which, humanly speaking, might have led on to serious evils. At the same time the best theologians have not considered it to be beyond the power of a Pope to appoint his own successor, or even, if some grave emergency at any time required it, improper for him to do so. Our Lord, not having Himself given definite directions as to the mode in which a Pope should be appointed, is held to have left this to be regulated by the Popes, according to their judgment of what may be best suited to the needs of the Church in one age or another. And such a power to regulate is held to cover the method by which each Pope appoints his successor.

Thus we are brought back finally to this, that whilst an electoral Papacy is in no sense open to the disadvantages our critic has discerned in it, it is the system which recommends itself even to our poor judgment as the most suitable, and is, anyhow, the system chosen by our Lord, as the tradition of the Church testifies.

The Mistakes of Pseudo-Malachy.

It is curious how the so-called prophecy of St. Malachy regarding the succession of the Popes still continues to hold its ground. Half a dozen times lately we have found the mottoes treated with marked respect by people who ought to know better, people, in most cases, who without venturing to affirm their authenticity, cling vaguely to the belief that "there really must be something in them after all." As the credit thus given to a palpable imposture can never be otherwise than harmful, it seems worth while to set down in compendious form one or two of the arguments which show, not only that the Malachy mottoes are suspect and untrustworthy, but that they are the work of a forger who lived at the close of the sixteenth century, and consequently more than four hundred years after the death of the Saint upon whom he fathered them.

Now the argument which seems to us conclusive in the matter is this. These mottoes which, upon the supposition of their genuineness, must have been supernaturally communicated to St. Malachy before the year 1148, are found in point of fact to reproduce the data, and often the erroneous data, supplied by the papal historian, Onofrio Panvinio, a writer of the sixteenth century. There is nothing in these titles which any ordinary reader who understood Latin could not have learned from Panvinio's published text. Their peculiarities suggest in the most pointed way that the prophet had the pages of Panvinio open before him, and they perpetuate, in every case but one,¹ the mistakes of Panvinio without any attempt at rectification. Seeing that no one pretends to have found any trace of the existence of this collection of mottoes before they saw the light for the first time in the *Lignum Vitæ* of Arnold Wion (1595), the necessary inference must be that the earlier titles are not the prophetic utterances of St. Malachy, but were, in fact, fabricated, after the event, out of Panvinio's book, published in 1557.

Regarding the statement that there is nothing in the early mottoes, down to Paul IV. (1555), which may not have been derived from Panvinio, we fear that we must ask the reader to take our word for it. We have been carefully through them all with Panvinio open before us, and there is, practically speaking, not one allusion to which he does not supply the key. In support of the assertion that a systematic comparison suggests that the forger actually fabricated the mottoes out of Panvinio we offer these four considerations:

1. Panvinio's book is a very peculiar one.² As it was written to supplement Platina's Lives of the Popes, it concerns itself only with the *antecedents* of the prelates elected to the papacy, and gives no account of the history of each pontificate. Now precisely this same characteristic marks the mottoes assigned to the first seventy Popes in the Malachy list. They all find their explanation, as their interpreters admit, not in the events of each pontificate, but in those antecedent details furnished by Panvinio, *e.g.*, the Pope's family name, or coat of arms, or cardinalitial title,

¹ This is dealt with in THE MONTH, July, 1899, p. 58.

² For an explanation of the origin of the two editions, both printed in 1557, we must refer the reader to THE MONTH, June 1899, p. 573. The forger must have had both editions before him, but we incline now to think that it was the quarto edition entitled *Vitæ Pontificum* which he consulted by preference and from which he principally drew his materials.

or birthplace, or origin. Is it not a little extraordinary that if St. Malachy, in the twelfth century, beheld a vision of the Popes to come, he should see and describe, not what each one did as Christ's Vicar, but only the title he held as cardinal, or his arms or birthplace or family connexions?

2. It has always been objected against the prophecy that true Popes and anti-Popes are placed upon the same footing. The mottoes do not, ordinarily speaking, serve to distinguish the one from the other. Strange to say, the same feature is found in Panvinio. But there are two remarkable exceptions. The Popes whom Panvinio designates Nicholas V. (1327), and Clement VIII. (1424), appear in his quarto edition, with the heading ANTIPAPA in large capitals, and in just these two cases, and these two cases only, we have the idea of a schism introduced into the mottoes. Nicholas V. is called *Corvus schismaticus*, Clement VIII. *Schisma Barchinonium*.

3. The irrelevancies and extravagances which we note in the oracular jargon of these mottoes is over and over again explained by the casual occurrence of some word in Panvinio's brief description. For example, Nicholas III. is styled "*Rosa composita*." The rose is in his coat of arms, but where does the *composita* come from, or what does it mean? Panvinio tells us that *a morum gravitate compositus est appellatus* (folio ed. p. 199), from the seriousness of his character he was called "the composed." So again, Nicholas V. (1447, not the anti-Pope), who was born in Luna, is styled *De modicitate lunæ*, whatever that may be supposed to signify. The expression is only explained when we find that Panvinio describes him as *ortus modicis parentibus*, born of middle-class parents.

4. It seems an unlikely thing that if God had really made known to St. Malachy, an Irishman who lived much in France, certain distinctive characteristics which would serve to identify the future heads of His Church, He should have indicated them by phrases only comprehensible to those who have a knowledge of Italian. Alexander III.'s motto is *ex ansere custode* (from a guardian goose), but we can only interpret this when we learn—from Panvinio, of course, but the fact is very doubtful—that his family name was Paparo. If one happens to know that *papero* in Italian means a gosling, the connexion is plain, but not otherwise. Similarly the mottoes take for granted the reader's knowledge that

Caraffa is derived from *cara fide* (Paul IV.) that *gelso* and *moro* both mean mulberry-tree (Celestine V.), that *albergo* means inn (Pius II.), that *Caccianimici* means putting your foes to flight (Eugenius IV.), that *Piccolomini* means small man (Pius III.), and so forth.

But the most conclusive argument of all is the adoption and perpetuation of Panvinio's mistakes. For example, this historian, in both his editions, states that Eugenius IV. had been a Celestine monk, and hence Pseudo-Malachy dubs him *Lupa caelestina*, but this is simply a blunder, as Menestrier and others have shown.¹ Eugenius was an Augustinian not a Celestine. Again, Panvinio supposed that the father of Pope John XXII. was a shoemaker named Ossa, and from this we get Malachy's motto, *De sulore osseo*, but modern research pronounces unhesitatingly that his name was Duèse or D'Euse, and entirely discredits the shoemaker story.² Finally, in four different cases in which the mottoes are admittedly founded on the coat of arms which the Pope in question is supposed to have borne, the motto agrees perfectly with the coat of arms figured in Panvinio, but more recent authorities declare, and with reason, that the arms so figured are quite erroneous. The four cases to which we refer are those of Alexander III., Clement IV., Gregory X., and Martin IV. In all these cases Panvinio's engraving, upon which the motto is founded, differs from the blazon given in such a modern authority as Woodward's *Ecclesiastical Heraldry*. It will be sufficient to consider one example here. According to Pseudo-Malachy the motto belonging to Pope Clement IV. (1265—1269) was *draco depressus*—the dragon crushed—and this is at once explained when we look at the coat of arms provided for the Pope in Panvinio's folio edition, which shows a dragon underneath an eagle which is squeezing it in its talons. But later authorities lend no countenance to this idea. According to Woodward, Pope Clement IV.'s arms were: *Or, six fleurs-de-lis azure in orle*; while his family shield was *Or, an eagle displayed sable, on a bordure gules ten bezants*. In either case there was no dragon, and unfortunately it was upon this feature alone that the motto of Pseudo-Malachy was based.

H. T.

¹ See for example Pastor, *History of the Popes*, English translation, vol. i., p. 286 note.

² See Mollet, *Les Papes d'Avignon*, p. 43, note, Paris, 1912.

An English Bernhardi.

The late Professor Cramb took occasion, in the lectures on "Germany and England" which he delivered in the early months of last year, to formulate an indictment against Pacifism. His lectures, which have been published in a fragmentary form from his own and pupils' notes are described as an explanation of Bernhardi. I should rather style them a repetition of Bernhardi. The same spirit—a deification of force, a repudiation of the Christian ideal—breathes through both books. Cramb was not a soldier, but equally with the German, he was a disciple of that miserable agnostic philosophy which, in spite of all its lip-homage to God as the "World-spirit," the "Soul of the Universe," and so forth, rejects God's revelation and takes no account of man's eternal destiny. And so, whilst appreciating the ideal of Pacifism in itself, he derides it as an unattainable chimera, not to be sought for under human conditions without disaster. And indeed, knowing nothing of what Christianity teaches about peace, he finds it easy to expose the futilities of Tolstoi, Norman Angell and other such wrong-headed Pacifists, and to ignore the enormous progress in the way of humanizing warfare traceable to the influence of gospel teaching, and only definitely lost when, as to-day, war is being waged under the influence of an un-Christian ideal.

Our Lord came to establish "The Kingdom of God and His Justice." Manifestly, if His teaching were universally accepted, war would be unthinkable. Peace is the Christian ideal and, if *de facto* unattainable in its perfection on account of free will and man's perversity, it still remains the end to which the Christian as such must aspire. War is only tolerable as the last desperate means of restoring violated peace. To make war an ideal, a thing desirable in itself, is to turn one's back, not only on Christianity but also on humanity. Yet Cramb, when depicting in striking terms what he calls the Creed of modern Germany—Napoleonism, the religion of valour, "the glory of action, heroism, the doing of great things," has apparently no sense of what really underlies these windy phrases, viz. murder and plunder and oppression of the weak. The purblind vision of your modern agnostic does not pass beyond the narrow horizon of this world. With less excuse than the benighted pagan, he can conceive nothing higher than the empty ambition of

Alexander, the material conquest of the world. He does not realize, in his self-induced darkness, the despicable pettiness of a life consumed in schemes of aggrandisement, whether for self or for that extenuation of self, one's own nation. And, banishing God from his outlook, he fails to see even what is within the limits of his vision. Cramb, like Bernhardt and Treitschke before him, speaks of "modern Germany" having thrown off the yoke of an "alien religion"—as if the revelation of God could be alien to any of God's creatures!—ignoring the fact that at least one third of the population of the Empire are amongst the best members of the Catholic Church. Please God, modern Germany, in so far as she has gone astray after false idols, will yet be saved from her neo-Paganism by her Catholic children.

With his *de facto* materialistic outlook—his occasional references to God's will are wholly irreconcilable with the spirit of his book—Cramb sees nothing that is not admirable in the determination of Germany to set herself by brute force of arms at the head of the human race. In the cant phrase of the evolutionist such a determination is "inevitable." His object is not to condemn such unfounded and arrogant ambition but to warn the British Empire of the coming conflict. In this his lectures might have done good service if only he had avoided that rock upon which good government in England so often splits—party politics. Cramb sneered at the Liberals throughout, and consequently met the same fate as did that great soldier and eminent Tory, Lord Roberts, in *his* campaign of warning. The peaceful democracy of these islands, not having been nurtured from their cradles in the gospel of hatred of their neighbours which, if we are to believe Cramb, forms the most prominent mental pabulum of young Germany, could not bring themselves to believe in such a revival of paganism as is involved in the idea of a deliberate and unprovoked war of conquest. They are wiser now and are very busy in trying to relegate that anachronism to its proper place. But the disquieting thing about the situation is the possible prevalence in this country of notions such as those ventilated by Cramb. If we are to admire Prussian militarism, even while opposing it, we have no real right to be fighting. If the whole conflict is the outcome of blind evolutionary "laws" it matters little for mankind who is the victor. The thought of modern England, to say nothing of France, is unhappily so tainted with un-

conscious materialism that, were men only logical and consistent, there would be little hope of a better Europe as a result of all this blood-letting. But the heart, if not the head, of our peoples is sound. The After-Christians, who are really Anti-Christians, are, for the moment at least, discredited. The Empire feels that its ideal is wholly opposed to that of its foe, and, though here and there agnostics like Cramb may not be able to appreciate the fact, we are now making atonement in blood for our neglect of Christianity in public life and so winning our way back to reconciliation and peace.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Death of Miss Baker.

Not only London Catholics but the larger circle of acquaintances reached through the medium of her remarkable spiritual autobiography—*A Modern Pilgrim's Progress*—will mourn the unexpected death of Miss Anstice Baker, which occurred on Saturday, October 16, at the age of 65. The cause of her tragically-short illness was in keeping with a life wholly given up to the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, for the double pneumonia to which she succumbed was the result of her labours, prolonged day and night for many weeks, on behalf of the Belgian refugees. A true martyr of charity, she refused in her zeal for their welfare to take precautions which would have averted the fatal attack. For several years past she had abandoned the specially intellectual interests of her earlier life for works of active charity. She was the life and soul of the admirable lay efforts that preceded and seconded the "Motor Mission" in its tours of the country districts, and when the motor itself was in dry-dock the streets of London were her mission-field. As a social and religious worker she was her own book in action: virile, direct, penetrating, careless, even a little disdainful, of ordinary feminine arts, yet possessed of a wonderful tact and an extraordinary patience with cranks and bores. The secret of her power was, none the less, her humility, which took a characteristic form: her attitude simply was that, in view of the eternal interests of souls, it was too silly to think oneself, or one's own mundane interests, of any great importance. She knew that, in accordance with the divine paradox, she could best consult those interests by losing sight of them in God's service. And now, in God's time, she has gone to experience the truth of this conviction. R.I.P.

**Moralists
at
Sea.**

Beyond the question of the British Empire's right to join in the war against Germany lies the deeper question of the justification of war itself. Innumerable articles and pamphlets have been written on the former subject with the result of putting the justice of the British case in a clear and convincing light. But the writers who have investigated the ethical aspect of the matter have not met with equal success. The current *Hibbert Journal*, the vehicle of the ablest non-Catholic thought of the day, gives plentiful evidence of this. The Anglican Bishop of Carlisle begins an article on "The Ethics of War" by declaring that "New Testament Christians [is there any other variety?] can scarcely doubt that war, both in its roots and fruits, is essentially evil"—a statement which he subsequently qualifies by allowing that "purely defensive wars may be morally defensible," although he goes on to water down that qualification on the ground that as defensive wars are "caused by the attacks of selfish aggression" they too are immoral "in their primal origin." But this fine specimen of confused thinking is outdone by another writer whose special province it should be to think clearly. Sir Henry Jones, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Glasgow, discusses in the same journal, "Why we are fighting," and he begins, somewhat after the style of the Bishop, "I think that the present war, like every war that ever was waged, is wrong, and that nothing can make it right." And yet he is convinced that the British people had no option in the matter but have undertaken the conflict from a strong and simple sense of duty. He is aware of the paradox: he says, "such an attitude of mind is manifestly self-contradictory." But he believes it to be defensible and devotes his article to defending it! In other words, Professor Jones thinks that sometimes we may be in such a position that we are bound in conscience to do what is morally wrong. We have no knowledge of the Professor's religious creed: nowhere in his papers does he base morality on the nature of God, unless some passing references to the "Absolute" may betoken a theistic standpoint. But it only needs a restatement of their position in theological language to realize how utterly astray both Bishop and Professor are in their ethical estimates. War according to the Bishop is "essentially evil," that is to say, evil of its own nature, incapable of ever being made good. In this sense blasphemy and adultery are evil, never to be justified by any combination of circumstances, never to be permitted for however good an end. God manifestly could never sanction such crimes, yet God has repeatedly sanctioned, even positively commanded, war: the inference, therefore, is that war is not intrinsically evil, any more than is the assertion of genuine rights on the part of the individual.

**Some
necessary
Distinctions.**

The Bishop argues that ethical development has abolished many other evils which were formerly prevalent, such as slavery, capital punishment for small offences, judicial torture, &c., and that therefore war may ultimately come to be looked upon as wrong. We trust that war may finally follow all other forms of barbarity into desuetude, but its essential nature cannot be altered by our way of looking on it. If ever circumstances have justified it in the past so that God could enjoin it, similar circumstances would always justify it, and that God has been able to approve of it in certain circumstances confirms the dictate of reason that it is not essentially wrong.

The Professor's ethical haziness is as easily demonstrated. Right and wrong and duty have immediate and essential reference to the Will of God. When we act in accordance with that Will we do right, and wrong if we act against it. Our duty is always to follow it when manifested under penalty. To do wrong is to sin and our duty is to avoid sin. How then can we be bound to do what is wrong: how can it be God's Will that we should violate God's Will? The Professor answers, "Are we not sometimes obliged to choose between two evils?" Between two physical evils, frequently enough. Shall I endure this smouldering toothache or submit to the sharper agony of the dentist's chair? Between two moral evils, never. It belongs to God's goodness never to allow a free and rational creature to have no other choice before him except in which of two ways he shall sin. That would be to destroy liberty and responsibility alike. No doubt, ill-instructed people have imagined at times that only such choice was open to them, but they were really mistaken. Finally, between a physical evil and a moral the option is not unseldom offered. The martyrs were faced by it who were given the choice of apostasy or death. A nation is faced by it which has to choose between neglect of duty and war.

**The true
Character
of War.**

For neglecting the necessary distinctions between essential and accidental evil on the one hand and between physical and moral evil on the other, both these learned men, and many other writers as learned and as earnest, would have been ploughed in any well-conducted examination in Moral. War—the destruction of life, health and property on a large scale amid circumstances of great horror—if judged apart from the will and intention of those who wage it is simply a physical calamity which has no more moral colouring than an earthquake or a shipwreck. It gets its moral character, like a surgical operation, from the motives of the combatants and certain other ethical circumstances, including, of course, the importance

of the causes they put forward. Consequently, since it involves two parties, it may be wrong in one and right in another, or it may be wrong, and often is, in both: it cannot be objectively right in the two cases, for a conflict of genuine rights on the same plane is impossible. A right is something exclusive and carries with it a just claim to be respected. So, to say bluntly that war is immoral is to ignore a whole host of needful qualifications. If it is the only effectual method of asserting a proportionately important claim of justice, such as the right to national integrity and independence, then war is not only a right but a duty, a right which the State cannot waive. War is then both just and obligatory since, as the Prime Minister has said: "The one supreme and overriding interest of every State, great or small, which is worthy of the name is the preservation of her integrity and her national life." Nay, we can go further with Papal warrant¹ and assert that it may be the duty of a State, though not bound by treaty or alliance, to interfere to protect another State which is being unjustly attacked, just as charity obliges one to go to the assistance of our neighbour in similar circumstances. This is all elementary Christian doctrine but it is apparently forgotten by many so-called Christians.

Only right
when
really necessary.

Equally Christian and no less elementary is the doctrine that war is a wholly lamentable necessity, not to be tolerated except as a means to avert worse misfortunes than itself. Such worse misfortune would be the anarchy let loose upon the world, if right could not on occasion be upheld and enforced by might. It is physical force, as it is, that secures internal order and observance of law in the State,—force in operation to punish transgressors, force in reserve to deter them. By the occasional use of force general regard for law is secured. By occasional war, international justice is vindicated—in the moral sphere, if not always in the physical, for war is at best a clumsy expedient and often fails to further the actual triumph of right. Even were the nations of the earth successfully federated an international force would still be necessary to keep in check the lawless ambitions of the several members of the confederation. Until the final triumph of Christianity, of which we have no assurance as we have of its perpetual existence, the need for warfare will hardly disappear. Outside that need it is always to be deprecated. Disbelievers in Providence think it, quite logically, an essential feature of their godless evolutionary scheme of things; no doubt it would be if there were no God. But even Christians

¹ In the Allocution *Novus et ante* (1861) Pius IX condemned the doctrine of "Non-Intervention", as against Christian morality.

are sometimes prone to palliate it on the ground of its accidental results, the self-sacrifice and other virtues for which it gives occasion. It should be remembered that there is no evil from which God cannot draw good, and that though war, like any other physical catastrophe, affords opportunities for heroic virtue, it also gives scope for the most awful crimes. Priests crept about the ruins of Messina to succour the dying, and thieves to rob and murder them. Heroic women calmly waited for the flames in the Paris Charity Bazaar whilst selfish men trampled on the weak in their efforts to escape. Who shall strike the balance between the moral good and evil of which hapless Belgium has been the scene during the past three months? We may rejoice that there is a spiritual awakening in every nation tried by war, as a sort of compensation for the appalling moral outrages that follow the loosening of the restraints of civilization and the unchaining of human passions, but we should never forget that war is opposed to the ideal of Christianity to which we are bound to aspire and that any cult of war for the sake of its secondary advantages is to that extent unchristian.

**Time to
remedy
social ills.**

At the same time we, who are spared the worst effects of war, have the better opportunity of making fuller use of those advantages. It would be sad if the drastic medicine administered to our body politic were to leave us as sickly as before. So far from delaying, war should hasten the remedying of those social ills from which the nation is suffering, particularly the shameless exploiting of the landless poor involved in sweating, bad housing, dear food, prolonged toil. As a whole the United Kingdom is enormously rich: the national income approaches two thousand millions of pounds, yet this is so unevenly distributed that nearly thirty per cent. of the population is living in poverty. No nation can be strong and healthy when the means of decent subsistence are denied to so many of its citizens. Though the well-to-do have not notably shirked their duty, the bulk of our fighting forces, in the nature of things, is drawn from the working classes. When the war is over those who have preserved the existence of the State may urge a double claim to have their own existence better cared for. Social legislation, with a view especially to enabling the workers to acquire property, whether in land or scrip, must be pushed forward. On the workers—those who till the land, which is the ultimate source of all wealth, and those who conduct and direct the actual processes of production and distribution—the welfare of the State depends, and they have the first claim on the care and protection of the State.

**Reduction
of
Armaments.**

Although the waste of resources in the present war is enormous — calculated by *The Engineering Review* to be about £50,000,000 a week in actual war-costs, to say nothing of the withdrawal from productive pursuits and the support of some twenty million able-bodied men and the incidental losses to commerce—it represents to a large extent money already consumed in the manufacture of armaments, and the one hope which buoys up the worker is that it will not be any longer necessary to sink all this wealth in such possessions. If this war is not going to result in the destruction of militarism, it is being waged in vain. We are surely fighting to get rid of the colossal burdens imposed upon civilization by the unchristian policy of Germany. Yet with singular shortsightedness Earl Roberts, whose foresight hitherto has been so remarkably justified, winds up in the current *Hibbert Journal* a powerful plea for more recruits with the indirect assertion that we cannot hope that the issue of the war will be a great reduction of armaments, thus nullifying the whole effect of his argument. Other English militarists take the same attitude, and ex-President Roosevelt, once a Pacifist but forced by the exigencies of party politics into opposition to the peace-loving ex-President Taft, seems to have come down on the militarist side. We venture to think that at the end of this war, "long and sombre" as it promises in Mr. Churchill's phrase to be, the European democracies will see to it that some less barbarous instrument than armed conflict be found to settle international disputes. We have not yet felt the pinch of war as poor Belgium has, but, as it drags on and prices rise and bereavement spreads and reverses occur and the misery of it presses more and more upon those who are weak and resourceless, then the folly and shame of the survival amongst civilized nations of this essentially barbarous expedient will come home to those on whose votes will depend its restriction or abolition.

**Another step
towards
Universal
Arbitration.**

In this connection all Christians will welcome the final ratification by the American Senate on September 25th of the complete Arbitration Treaty between the United States, Great Britain, France, and Spain. The gist of this important agreement is that in the event of any dispute between the parties no hostile action shall be taken for twelve months, during which time an International Commission shall investigate the rival claims and make recommendations for adjustment. Thus angry passions will have time to cool, and such an arbitrary and overbearing attitude as Austria displayed in relation to Serbia will be impossible. A week's delay would very possibly have averted

this deplorable war for another generation and thus given pause even to the German war-party which seems to have elected to fight now because it foresaw that the rival nations would become relatively stronger in the future.

The
Neutral
Nations.

It argues a curious blindness to the true character of warfare that people should lightly and heartedly contemplate or even suggest the participation of hitherto neutral nations in this already far-flung fight. Italy has been openly solicited to lend a hand to Germany, and unofficially at least been asked to join the Allies. No more urgent *casus belli*, however, has been proposed to her than the prospect of being overlooked or even punished by the victors when the time of settlement comes. Could any suggestion be more immoral? Italy has no quarrel with either side, and therefore no right to intervene. She is exactly in the position of Belgium, and yet muddle-headed militarists applaud Belgium's heroic defence of her neutrality whilst instigating Italy to a breach of hers. The proposed intervention of the bankrupt government of Portugal is just what one would expect from a band of unprincipled opportunists whose rule has been the negation of all political morality. Moral considerations have no part in the counsels of Turkey: she would probably side with Germany, her "natural ally," were it not for a wholesome fear of losing her last foothold in Europe. Finally, even the United States has been invited to forgo her enviable privilege of remoteness and security and join in overthrowing Germany, but happily the invitation has been issued in the name of no more responsible a personage than Mr. Hall Caine! Such advice, in view of the effects of war, is little short of criminal: it is the young and the strong, the very life-blood of each belligerent nation, that are being sacrificed. Future generations will be grievously handicapped because of this wholesale slaughter. The more the field of conflict is localized the better for the future of the race.

The Mote
and
the Beam.

One cannot read much about the war—and how much there is to read!—without being occasionally reminded of the parable of the mote and the beam. Whatever may be said of the past, we have entered this conflict under the inspiration of a high moral purpose. In that key have been pitched all the exhortations of our leaders, and the result has been a real revival of Christian principles in the community. But it is not easy to maintain such an elevation, and at times one meets with lapses into a lower and less moral plane of vision. We denounce Pan-Germanism as the only unauthorized attempt to impose one form of

rule and one ideal of culture on the whole human race. Yet a writer chooses this moment to publish a book called *The Pan-Angles*, suggesting the universal assertion of the British ideal. Surely we cannot with any justice deny to others what we claim for ourselves, unless we assume, what we have no grounds for assuming, a divine commission to hold the hegemony of mankind. Moreover, at a time when of all others we should be punctilious on the matter of respect for neutrality, a writer in the *Fortnightly* advocated the relief of Antwerp by way of the Scheldt, and whilst we are endeavouring to purge ourselves of all taint of militarism, a filibuster in the *Saturday Review* declares that martial law is simply the law of the stronger and "makes its own codes and standards of obligation." What more has Bernhardt said than that? Once again, orators and writers from time to time suggest that our present unexceptionable attitude in the matter of treaty obligations and the rights of small nations is traditionally British. Of course it is much more effective to be able to say—"we have always upheld the right in scorn of consequences" than to say—"We are right on the present occasion, however we may have failed heretofore." But, in view of a certain memorial in the city of Limerick, what else can we say but the latter? We produce nothing by such rounded statements except a deepened conviction of British hypocrisy in the minds of foreigners who have read our history. By a refusal to recognize that the British Empire largely grew, at a period, let us grant, of lower ethical development, by methods of aggression and conquest, which public opinion would not sanction to-day as a legitimate basis of possession and which indeed we are at present fighting to suppress in the Germans, we deprive ourselves of the right to insist now upon the recognition of international morality. It is only by a full and penitent avowal of the sort that we can save ourselves from the charge of hypocrisy in our present attitude.

Dangers
Ahead!

A leader in the *Universe* for October 9th pertinently calls attention to a danger which may result from the emergency legislation necessitated by the war, and that is the spread of bureaucracy and the further diminution of that atmosphere of liberty and rational independence which has hitherto been one of our most cherished characteristics. Some score of important Acts of Parliament have been passed to meet various occasions, many of them without discussion and in a single day, and for the moment the head of the Government has become a dictator, *ne quid detrimenti respublica cepit*. All anti-social elements, such as unscrupulous tradesfolk and journalists eager for personal profit out of national misfortune, have been successfully repressed,

and the national life has gone on with remarkable smoothness notwithstanding anomalous conditions. The danger is that when the emergency has passed some of its restrictive apparatus should remain. We may admire the orderly "regimented" aspect of a German town, but we should hardly be content to pay the price for it—a host of officials and a code of bye-laws interfering with initiative at every turn. We may admire too, indeed we must, the efficiency of the German war-machine, but still less should we be ready to waste our moral and material resources in constructing a similar one of our own. It is interesting to note that a century ago in 1815, when the first attempt to establish militarism in Europe was finally crushed, the popular desire and expectation was "that statesmen would initiate such measures of international disarmament as would perpetuate the blessings of that peace which Europe was enjoying after twenty years of warfare." The Congress of Vienna actually considered that proposal and went some way towards accomplishing it, but the members were diplomats of the old style and incapable of doing more. Perhaps after the lapse of a century, public opinion, stimulated by a like victory and saddened once more by the horrors of a gigantic war, may succeed.

**The Curse
of
Malthusianism.**

The current *Hibbert Journal* contains a most illuminating article by Dr. Meyrick Booth on "Religious Belief as affecting the Growth of Population" wherein from an exhaustive consideration of the natal and religious statistics of Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, and Canada he directs attention to "the enormous decline in the Protestant birth-rate of recent years" in those lands. The author writes as a Protestant, but in a thoroughly objective vein, and claims that

from the statistics which have been collected it would appear that modern Protestantism is now (in *practice* if not in theory) virtually identified with a very extreme type of Malthusianism, and that in consequence of this state of affairs it is being driven back in practically all the great centres of civilization both in the old world and the new, while the cream of its human material is suffering gradual extinction.

Mr. Booth does not point out—it is beside his purpose—that this is the natural result of the clear and definite teaching regarding marriage-obligations given by the Catholic Church, and the fidelity to conscience shown by the majority of her children. The phenomenon has been noticed by other independent observers. For instance, two German investigators, Pastor Forberger (of

Dresden) and Herr E. Früh, have come to the conclusion that by mere process of birth the population of Prussia is in a fair way of passing from Protestant to Catholic. In proof of which they give the number of births per 1,000 of Protestant and Catholic children respectively for a series of years beginning with 1875. In that year the births per 1,000 were—Protestant 603, Catholic 339, and by a regular process of diminution and increase the numbers in 1911 had become—Protestant 519, Catholic 408. In France, where there are practically no Protestants, the birth-rate varies directly with the practice of Catholicism. But how widespread neglect of Christian duty has been in that country is strikingly exhibited by the following series of comparative figures taken from the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* for September 15:

FRANCE	Population in	GERMANY
	1850	
35,600,000		35,300,000
	1870	
38,400,000		40,800,000
	1890	
38,300,000		49,200,000
	1913	
39,600,000		67,000,000

In 1881 the year's births numbered:

FRANCE 937,000	GERMANY 1,182,000
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In 1911 the figures were:

FRANCE 742,000	GERMANY 1,870,000
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Corresponding to the difference in population is the difference in industrial energy and commercial wealth.

In 1901 the value of trade and coal-consumption were respectively:

FRANCE { 8.4 milliards 46 million tons	GERMANY { 12.3 milliards 152 million tons
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In 1911 the amounts were:

FRANCE { 14.1 milliards 59 million tons	GERMANY { 22.2 milliards 218 million tons
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Truly justice, which includes morality, exalteth a nation, and honesty is the best policy, especially with Almighty God.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS.

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles, 1) expounding Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) exposing heresy and bigotry, and 3) of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Bellarmino and the Sixtine Vulgate Bull [W. Dunn, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct. 1914, p. 492].

Choirs, Position of women in Church, fully discussed [*Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct. 1914, p. 468].

Liturgy; the Mass "In tempore belli" analysed [Abbot Cabrol in *Tablet*, Oct. 10, 1914, p. 498].

Lying, Discussion of the Malice of [Rev. J. Brosnan in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct. 1914, p. 377. Rev. C. F. Cremin in *American Catholic Quarterly*, July, 1914, p. 469].

Papal Elections, Government interventions in; their history [*La Scuola Cattolica*, Oct. 1914, p. 143].

Science and Religion, Vindication of the Church's attitude [J. J. Walsh in *Catholic World*, Oct. 1914, p. 62].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism: Dr. Gore and his critics [A. H. Nankivell, in *Catholic World*, Oct. 1914, p. 14].

Anglican Orders, Invalidity of [Summary of discussion by H. E. Hall in *Catholic Review*, Oct. 1914, p. 349].

Campanella and the Socialists; a calumny exposed [David Goldstein in *America*, Oct. 3, 1914, p. 597].

Catholic Daily Paper, Difficulties in maintaining a [E. R. Hull in *Examiner*, Sept. 19, 1914, p. 371].

Education, Failure of Elementary, through want of after-care [Arnold Freeman in *Progress*, Oct. 1914, p. 223].

Freemasonry, Incidents showing its anti-civic effects [*Tablet*, Oct. 3, 1914, p. 475].

German Subjectivism in Religion [Prior McNabb in *Universe*, Oct. 16, 1914, p. 9].

Protestantism and Population [Useful statistical article in *Hibbert Journal*, Oct. 1914, p. 138, by Meyrick Booth, showing that Protestantism tends to identification with Malthusianism: see also *Tablet*, Oct. 24, 1914, p. 563].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Bacon, Roger; his career and case [A. J. Rahilly, S.J., in *Studies*, Sept. 1914, p. 248. D. O'Keefe in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct. 1914, p. 357. Mary Segar in *Catholic World*, Oct. 1914, p. 48. Dr. John Vance in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1914, p. 257].

Belgian Refugees, Admirable summary of our duty towards, and means of accomplishing it [*Universe*, Oct. 23, 1914].

Benson, Mgr. R. H. Various estimates of character and work [Canon Barry in *Universe*, Oct. 23, 1914, p. 7: H. S. Dean in *Month*, Oct. 1914, p. 501: *Tablet*, Oct. 24].

Cardinals, The creations of Pius X. compared with those of his predecessors [J. J. Murphy in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct. 1914, p. 440].

Catholic Action in the States [P. L. Blakely, S.J., on "Federated Catholic Societies" in *America*, Oct. 10, 1914, p. 638].

De Mun, Count Albert [Account of in *Tablet*, Oct. 17, 1914, p. 529; cf. Oct. 10, 1914, p. 513].

Drug-Habit, Menace of, in U.S.A. [T. J. Ross in *Rosary Magazine*, Oct. 1914, p. 417].

Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Sept. 20, 1914, p. 514].

France, Revival of religion in, on account of the War [*Tablet*, Oct. 3, 1914, p. 476]. Tribute of *The Times* [*Tablet*, Oct. 10, 1914, p. 507]. The revival in Paris vividly depicted [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Sept. 15, 1914, p. 831].

Germany, Revival of religion in, on account of the War [*America*, Oct. 21, 1914, p. 575]. Growth of the idea of Pan-Germanism [Th. Mainage in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Sept. 15, 1914, p. 812. cf. Louis des Brandes in *Etudes*, Sept. 1914, p. 472]. Origin and irreligious characteristics of the Prussian State [Mgr. Barnes in *Tablet*, Oct. 17, p. 545].

Holland, Catholic growth in [W. P. H. Kitchin, Ph.D., in *Ave Maria*, Sept. 1914, p. 392].

Jesuits, The survival of in White Russia [G. O'Brien in *Irish Monthly*, Oct. 1914, p. 551]. Hundred years of Foreign Mission Work [*Civiltà Cattolica*, Aug. 1, 1914, p. 771].

Juvenile Offenders, Special Courts for, in U.S. [Graham Taylor in *Progress*, Oct. 1914, p. 229].

Louvain and Catholic Belgium [Dr. Vance in *Tablet*, Oct. 3, 1914, p. 466. cf. p. 471]. Louvain and Ireland ["T.C." in *Studies*, Oct. 1914, p. 292].

Lueger, Karl, and Social Reform in Austria [P. J. Connolly, S.J., in *Studies*, Sept. 1914, p. 280].

Man's Antiquity, Recent discussions on [Sir B. Windle in *Studies*, Sept. 1914, p. 215].

New Testament, Von Soden's [Account of the most recent critical text by F. G. Kenyon in *Church Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1914, p. 57].

Papacy, Estimate of its significance, as seen in the life of Pius X. [H. Belloc in *British Review*, Oct. 1914, p. 99]. Summary of Pope Pius' career [Rev. J. MacCaffrey in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Oct. 1914, p. 385]. The Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri [*Tablet*, Oct. 3, 1914, p. 445]. The "Prophecies" of St. Malachy, concerning [Abbé Vacandard in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Sept. 1914, p. 515. H. Thurston in *The Month*, Oct. 1914, p. 527].

Paul, Epistles of Saint. Have we St. Jerome's text? [H. Pope, O.P., in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Oct. 1914, p. 413].

Poetry, The Catholic Note in Contemporary [K. Brégy in *America*, Oct. 10, 1914, p. 633].

Poland, The gain to Catholicism in the revival [A. Baudrillart in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Sept. 15, 1914, p. 785].

Prophecies, Bogus War [H. Thurston in *Month*, Nov. 1914, p. 449].

Social Purity, Work of St. Louis Federation for [*Rosary Magazine*, Oct. 1914, p. 463].

State, The, in War Time. List of emergency Acts of Parliament [*Progress*, Oct. 1914, p. 244].

Theatre Reform in Germany ["V.F." in *Studies*, Sept. 1914, p. 295]. In France [J. Bricout in "Le Bon Théâtre" in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Aug. 1, 1914].

War, Problems of Grace arising out of, considered [J. de Tonquédec in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Sept. 15, 1914, p. 801].

Reviews.

I.—SOCIAL WORK FOR THE CLERGY.¹

NO volume in the excellent "Westminster Library for Catholic Priests and Students" is better calculated to fulfil its purpose than the latest—*The Priest and Social Action*, by the Rev. C. Plater, S.J., M.A. The Library is intended to keep ecclesiastics *au courant* with topics which are in a sense professional, but which lie somewhat outside the range of their necessary studies. In view of the present and still more of the future position of the Church in these islands, where, as has been said, works are of more account than faith, it is essential that the clergy should be familiar with current social problems, which have all an ethical bearing and which will be left very largely in the hands of non-Catholics to solve, unless the leaders of Catholic thought are ready to put forward and make clear the solution to be found in the principles of Christianity. A certain knowledge of political economy is absolutely necessary if a priest is to take his due place as a citizen, for by virtue of his position he is sure to be called on to serve in some civic capacity, or at least to give counsel to those who are. The old political economy which dealt with abstractions, and consequently issued in the most heartless oppression of the toilers, is breaking up, but our non-Catholic society is unequal of itself to the task of reconstructing another more Christian substitute. Father Plater's handbook gives one the best possible incentive to labour for the rebaptism of a social system fallen away into paganism, that "covetousness" which St. Paul calls "a worship of idols." He goes back to first principles, showing that the social question is really, though not of course wholly, one of true religion, and that only ignorance can excuse Catholics from not contributing their share in one way or another towards its solution. And he sets before us how earnestly our eccle-

¹ *The Clergy and Social Action*. By the Rev. C. Plater, S.J. London: Longmans. Pp. xiv, 265. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1914.

siastical superiors have urged upon all, both priests and laity, to take a prominent part in a work which, in fact, is equivalently the fulfilling of the second "great commandment." Then in a series of highly-interesting chapters he narrates the social activities already put in practice by the clergy of various lands—Germany, France, Belgium, England, Ireland, the United States and Canada—accounts which his personal acquaintance with many of the chief actors make exceptionally definite and authentic. After this gallery of object-lessons, he turns his attention to the question of practical training, courses at the seminary, self-tuition at the presbytery, and here his own wide experience gives great actuality to his counsels. It is, as will be seen, a live book. "Father Plater's enthusiasm," writes the Bishop of Northampton, in a stimulating preface, "will prove to be infectious." There is need for such infection to spread, for the war, whilst bringing about, we trust, a greater national solidarity, will render many social problems more acute than ever, and it behoves our clergy, especially of the younger generation, to lend their aid in removing them. This book would always be timely, but it is especially so now.

2.—THE BOOK OF GENESIS.¹

In Dr. Ryle's new edition of the *Book of Genesis* we have a work which is sure to have a considerable influence upon scholars and upon the public to which it is primarily addressed. Although it is a part of the *Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges*, the student must not be beguiled by the mention of "schools" or the smallness of the format into thinking it is anything but an original attempt to deal with all the great issues involved, and to present in their full strength the relevant arguments. In this respect it is more akin to such a volume as the late Prof. Driver's *Daniel* in the same series than to certain other less independent and more elementary contributions; at the same time the arrangement of the book is a far clearer one than ever Driver was capable of. Nor is the work really a small one; the volume is fairly thick, and the beautiful clearness of the printing probably goes far to hide from the reader how much is being put on a single page.

¹ The Book of Genesis. By Herbert E. Ryle, D.D., Dean of Westminster, sometime Bishop of Exeter, and of Winchester. Cambridge, at the University Press. Pp. lxxviii, 477. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1914.

Coming to the contents, we feel bound first of all to say a word on inspiration. When a Catholic publishes a commentary we take his views on such a subject for granted. With a non-Catholic author we must first find out where he stands, no easy task, for what views he has are apt to remain shrouded in hopeless obscurity. Still, when one who has been Bishop of Exeter and of Winchester, and is now Dean of Westminster, tackles the difficult question of Genesis we certainly expect him to indicate that his belief in the sacred narrative rests on something more than P, J, E and D. As a matter of fact the author renders little more than lip-service to the divine inspiration of Holy Scripture. The section entitled "Historical Value" leaves us in doubt as to whether the writer of Genesis is to be considered guilty of untruth and error. In the following section on "Religious Teaching" we are told that "it [the Book of Genesis] was neither infallible nor perfect. But it was part of that inspired witness by which throughout the ages the Spirit of God has spoken to the spiritual nature of man with a voice adapted to his understanding"—a beautiful phrase, but one which does not of itself preclude the notion that Dr. Ryle's Introduction and notes may be as inspired as the original text. At least, they are free from any "vein of coarse and repulsive humour," such as he finds in the Dinah narrative. (Gen. xxxiv. 25, note.)

The whole commentary is saturated with the documentary hypothesis with all its meticulous vivisection and all the problems to which it gives rise. Why should J be constitutionally incapable of mentioning a party's age, and have to wait a few centuries for the beginning of one of his sentences in consequence (Gen. xxxvii. 2)? Or again, since such emphasis is laid on the distinct use of the two divine names, how comes it that both J (Gen. xxxv. 20—21) and E (xlv. 27—28) pass in a few words from the use of the name "Jacob" to "Israel," the former after expressly recording the solemn change in Gen. xxxii. 28? But not to stop at arguments of this kind, which could be multiplied, we may fairly complain of that neglect of obvious and important data which in other commentators has driven Mr. Wiener to exasperation. To take an obvious example, Dr. Ryle remarks that "in the Paradise section (ii. 4b—iii. 24) we find *Jahweh Elohim* ("Lord God"), an unusual combination due probably to the editorial insertion of *Elohim*, in order to preserve the con-

tinuity with the previous section (i. 1—ii. 4a) in which *Elohim* alone is used." Now that one of the divine names may have been added later many are prepared to admit; but what Dr. Ryle fails to mention is that, if textual criticism is to count for anything, the later addition is *Jahweh* rather than *Elohim*—a severe blow to the PJ theory. Thus Kittel, in his *apparatus criticus* on Gen. ii. 4, says that one of the names seems to be due to a compiler, but rightly points out that the Septuagint and Latin often give *Elohim* ("God") alone, and we may add that the Masoretic or traditional Hebrew text itself gives it alone thrice in Gen. iii. 1—5.

We cannot labour such points here, but we may sum up by remarking that, while the general arrangement and get-up and indeed other points also, are beyond praise, still practically no account is taken (1) of the doctrine of inspiration, (2) of the consequent truth of the book and of the considerations which go to justify that truth, (3) of the difficulties which are tending to shake the hold upon scholars which the documentary hypothesis has so long retained.

3.—THE CHURCH AND USURY.¹

The student of social science, on seeing the above title, may look forward to finding in this work a programme suggestive of the methods, legal or social, by which the exactions of the usurer may be regulated, and his extortions checked. That is not, however, the purpose of its author. His object is theoretical rather than practical. His province is almost exclusively a discussion of the principles by which the morality of loan interest is to be determined. He is to be congratulated on the lucid and illuminating manner in which he has acquitted himself of his difficult task. Pursuing the historical method, he passes in rapid review the ideas on this subject current among the ancient Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, and embodied in their legislation. The treatment, having regard to the general scope of the work, is in this department necessarily somewhat superficial. Still we could wish to have seen more copious reference to the results of recent archæology. No mention, for example, is made of the elaborate banking systems that prevailed in Ptolemaic Egypt; nor is any adequate account given of the spread of international credit in antiquity. Niebuhr's view that the

¹ *The Church and Usury.* By the Rev. Patrick Cleary, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. Pp. vii. 213. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1914.

Roman *faenus unciarium* was 10% is preferred to that of the best recent authorities, Billeter and Beloch, who estimate it at $8\frac{1}{2}$ %.

The most valuable part of the book is that which deals with the evolution of the Canonist theory of usury. Here the author is at his best. He traces the origins of the theory in the works of the Fathers and early Councils, showing how the usury prohibition, at first confined to clerics, was subsequently extended to laymen. The elaborations of the mediæval moralists are then minutely examined, with much interesting illustration from the economic history of the periods traversed. The modifications of doctrine, or to be more accurate, the novel applications of old moral principles, are then explained, and the consistency of the Church vindicated.

The book concludes with an expository and apologetic section. Dr. Cleary enters into a polemic with those moralists who essay to justify interest on the ground of the equivalent productivity of money. His own position, even if free from the charge of inconsistency, is scarcely an ultimate explanation. "Our argument," he writes,¹ "concerning the legality of usury is altogether independent of the question of productivity or even of virtual productivity. . . . The fact of production does not settle anything." He further says:² "It seems then to be true that the so-called loan of money is really a sale and that a loan of meal, wine, oil, gunpowder, and similar commodities is also a sale." Surely, if this be so, then production does settle something. The price arrived at in any sale is determined immediately by supply and demand, remotely by cost of production and the satisfaction of certain wants. Now among causes that determine the intensity of the demand for money (in an era when money-loans are made quite commonly for purposes of industry and commerce), the chief one is the desire of the borrower to employ it in producing social utilities for which, in view of their relative scarcity in proportion to the demand, a price will be paid sufficiently high to enable him to recoup interest and principal, and pocket a profit into the bargain.

The various topics are perspicuously arranged, and the matter judiciously distributed. In a work abounding in proper names, there are very few misprints. We have, however, observed Knabenbaur, Holzaphel, and Sunhemart, where Knabenbauer, Holzaphel, and Summenhart should be read.

¹ p. 190-1.

² p. 186.

4.—THE PEACE OF CONSTANTINE.¹

In this volume Mgr. Batiffol continues the work on early Church history, of which he published the first volume in 1908 under the title of *L'Eglise naissante*, or, in the English translation brought out by Messrs. Longmans, of *Primitive Catholicism*. A third volume on *Le Catholicisme romain de Saint Damase à Saint Léon* is to follow in due course, and complete the undertaking. The extent and character of the period covered by the volume before us is described in the following passage from its Preface:

The subject treated in *La Paix Constantinienne* is primarily that of the relations between Church and State. In *L'Eglise naissante* we saw the Church affirm its visible and organised unity. *Corpus sumus*, Tertullian had said, *de conscientia religionis et disciplinae unitate et spei fœdere*. We have now to see this *corpus*, in its relations with public order, pass from the condition of *religio illicita* to that of a religion tolerated, to see the condition of legal toleration transformed into one of privileged liberty; and then to see the Christian prince intrude on this condition of liberty to make himself a factor in the system as its supreme arbiter, whilst the Church on her side by her protestations against this imperial enterprise vindicates the independence of her ministry, because, as St. Optatus will say later on, *Non enim respublica est in ecclesia sed ecclesia in republica, id est, in imperio romano*. Not that this clean-cut formula expresses the entire doctrine, for it will be necessary further to define the duties of the Christian prince, and this will form the subject-matter of the volume to come on *Catholicisme romain*.

One understands from this why, though in the title of the new volume *Peace of Constantine* is the prominent word, the history it contains begins with the reign of Alexander Severus, some eighty years earlier. It was under Alexander Severus that the Christians of the Roman Empire were first permitted by law to exist and hold property. From the time of Nero up to then they had been a proscribed race, but, as the laws against them had not been consistently applied, a state of fact had arisen which of its own nature tended to obtain legal recognition, and this it obtained under Alexander Severus. Not that the persecutions ceased from that time onwards. On the contrary, they were particularly fierce

¹ *La paix Constantinienne et le Catholicisme*. Par Mgr. Batiffol. Paris: Gabalda. Pp. viii, 542. Price, 4 fr. 1914.

under Decius and Valerian, who however felt the necessity of resting them on a somewhat different basis. But, underneath the fury that stirred up these subsequent persecutions, the legal right acquired under Alexander Severus remained, and received further sanction under Gallienus. It was thus that the Christian community acquired a fuller means of spreading and developing the institutions proper to its system, and thereby grew to such strength that even the awful ordeal of the last great persecution under Diocletian and his colleagues worked, not for its extinction, but for its further expansion. This was the process that led up to the conversion of Constantine, together with the state of peace for the Church which was its outcome, all which, as Mgr. Batiffol shows, formed not a mere fortuitous event, but the crowning stage of a long course of steady advance.

Whilst liberty, and even privilege, in the Roman Empire were thus secured to the Church, dangers of an opposite, and in a very true sense, more serious kind threatened from the changed attitude towards her of the civil rulers. In the steady development of her organization during the period of the persecutions, on which Mgr. Batiffol has an instructive chapter, the Church had manifested the fulness of her internal independence as a complete society. But with the conversion of the civil rulers there sprang up a disposition on the part of the now Christian prince to intrude on the ecclesiastical administration, and disturb the course of its autonomy. It is the conflict between this tendency on the part of the Christian prince and the resistance persistently offered to it on the part of a Church intimately conscious of her divinely-guarded independence which occupies the remainder or rather the main portion of this volume. Constantine himself was animated by a deep reverence for what he called "the holy law," but his ideas were the crude ideas of a convert from paganism, and, whilst ever anxious to preserve the Church's unity, when confronted with the obstinacy of heterodox sectaries like the Donatists and the Arians, he yielded, like so many of his successors, to the temptation to set aside the authorities of the Church and seek unity by the method of sinking differences. He allowed himself to fall under the influence of the Eusebian oligarchy, as Mgr. Batiffol well calls it, that is, of a court party, consisting of a few bishops of heterodox views, but of no far-reaching ecclesiastical position; and at their bidding, in defiance of the

true constitution of the Church, to lay the foundations of that thing of evil omen for the purity of Christian doctrine, a Cæsaropapism. Under Constantius II. this fatal policy was pursued still further, the Eusebian oligarchy using it to undermine the Nicene settlement and drive out of their sees all who remained faithful to it. This phase of the Church's history has often been discussed, but Mgr. Batiffol's discussion of it will repay careful study, for it is marked by the same scientific and discriminating method which was so conspicuous in his former volume, as also by an accurate knowledge of the true bearing of its controversies on the essential doctrines of Catholicism. In the final chapter, which is on the crisis of the conflict in question, the case of Pope Liberius comes under examination. It will always be a hard problem for the historian to unravel, in view of the undoubted calumnies with which this Pope's memory has been assailed in the four well-known spurious letters fabricated by his enemies, and the influence they seem to have exercised on some orthodox writers, and on the other hand, of the high estimation in which Liberius appears to have been held up to the last at Rome itself, an estimation which, if Mgr. Batiffol is right, as he appears to be in referring to him the epitaph discovered by de Rossi, is attested by the term there applied to him of the "Immaculate Pope." Mgr. Batiffol has something of his own to contribute to this controversy, and thinks that Liberius signed a formula in which the term *Homousios* was not rejected, but replaced by one that was intended to exclude a false doctrine to which this term *Homousios* had been applied by one set of heretics. He notes that in St. Hilary's works a similar censure of these same heretics is to be found. But we must refer the readers to Mgr. Batiffol's own pages for an exposition of this somewhat obscure point.

Short Notices.

DEVOTIONAL.

THE succession of devotional "Series" seems endless, but were they all as fresh as Messrs. Washbourne's "Stella Maris Series" there would be little cause to complain. The little volume of essays by Father Goodier, S.J., entitled **The Meaning of Life** (1s. net), bears indeed this distinctive mark of freshness. The old truths freshly, strikingly put, without the conscious (and also distracting) effort to be striking—we cannot have too much of this. But we would not have it thought that Father Goodier does not rise in these papers to a high literary level. He does; for instance, in the essay on "Vocation." It is a trumpet-call. Perhaps Father Goodier may be able to alter in a future edition a sentence at the end of his chapter on Prayer, which may be misunderstood. It might be read, wrongly we are sure, to mean that "meditation" is a higher stage in the methods of prayer than affective concentration "upon a single thought or idea." The opposite of course is the case; the "prayer of simplicity" is the bridge between discursive methods and Contemplation. We have to thank Father Goodier for a thoroughly helpful, heartening and stimulating little book.

The beautiful issue of the war-prayers which we owe to Messrs. Burns and Oates, has been quickly followed by three rather larger efforts in the same manner of sumptuous book-making. They consist of reprints of **The Miracles of Our Lord**, **The Parables of Our Lord**, and **The Sermon on the Mount**, from the Rheims version of the New Testament, revised by Bishop Challoner. Everything that beauty of paper, type and binding can do to become worthy of their great theme has been done, and the abolition of the conventional chapter and verse setting has helped largely towards the ideal of "a readable bible."

From the Catholic Truth Society comes a very complete and useful manual for the "Forty Hours," by Father McKee, of the Oratory, entitled **The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament**. It is a liturgical book first and foremost, with the prescribed Masses and Litanies in full, and the miscellaneous devotions that occupy the later pages partake of the same solid and traditional character. We rejoice to see in a prominent place amongst them that incomparable devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the Corpus Christi Sequence.

A very hearty welcome is due to Messrs. Téqui's republication in two volumes of Mgr. Besson's Conferences, entitled **Les Sacraments** (6 fr.). Forty odd years have not staled the interest of these famous discourses, or of the half-dozen other volumes of the series, of which new editions have been constantly demanded since their delivery in the Cathedral of Besançon. Nor can one be surprised at the longevity of a work whose rhetorical amplitude is based upon so sure a foundation of

wide and deep learning. Mgr. Besson had the art of making theology burn with a living flame in the pulpit; he touched nothing without bringing it into intimate relations with life. The conference, addressed to lay-folk, on Celibacy, is a remarkable triumph in this respect, and well worth the careful study of preachers. Something of the same actuality is the characteristic note of M. Léon Rimbault's volume of conferences for women, *Les Vaillantes du Devoir* (Paris: Téqui, 3.50 fr.), and it has found its similar reward in the demand for repeated editions, of which that before us is the fourth. It is, of course, a newer work than Mgr. Besson's, in fact, a twentieth century book both in date and in mentality. Not only Huysmans and Coppée, but even Rostand and "poor Verlaine" are laid under contribution in the cause of "Courage and Duty." Messrs. Burns and Oates are agents for MM. Téqui.

Another series which we have had occasion to notice is Mr. Allenson's republication of Dr. John Mason Neale's *Sackville College Sermons*, of which the third volume—twenty-eight sermons for Trinity to Advent—has now reached us. The volumes are excellently produced at the low price of 2s. 6d. net. Though many of them are extremely good and of Catholic spirit, we are not in the habit of recommending Anglican sermons. There are plenty of our own. But we feel almost inclined to make an exception in the case of Neale. His little peculiarities are well known and can be discounted; for the rest, we know few modern men, even among Catholics, so saturated with the spirit of Patristic and mediæval sermon-literature. And that spirit is eminently practical, scriptural and direct—and never more direct homiletically than when it is remote exegetically.

There is no need, at this period, to say anything about Henri Las-serre's *Notre Dame de Lourdes*, considered *per se*. But the new edition of it which reaches us from M. Lethielleux is notable, in that it first of all gives us this lengthy work in full, and bound in cloth, for the nominal price of a franc and a half, and secondly because it indicates an intention on the part of a great Catholic publishing house to enter the lists in rivalry with Messrs. Nelson's and Messrs. Dent's well-known French series. So far as this volume goes we are bound to say that the standard is hardly reached, whether as regards paper, type or binding. On the other hand the work is a very much larger one than the English firms give in one volume. We welcome heartily the enterprise of M. Lethielleux, and trust that when the present troubles of Paris be overpassed, he may carry a friendly rivalry to successful issue.

APOLOGETIC.

Most heartily do we welcome new editions of two of the best known of all our modern apologetic works—Miss Anstice Baker's *A Modern Pilgrim's Progress*, and Mr. H. E. Hall's *The Shadow of Peter*, both published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, the former in a very welcome cheap edition at 1s. net, and the latter at its former price of 2s. net. Miss Baker's masterly and profound work is of course too well known to need further commendation from us; we need only set on record our pleasure at its continued demand—which we understand has also been extended to the French translation. Mr. Hall's work is of course of less varied scope, but as our readers know, is not less thorough, and is as specially

and perfectly fitted to meet the needs of good Anglicans, as Miss Baker's work those whose difficulties lie further back. Mr. Hall adds in his second edition some very useful new matter on Anglican Orders and on that old war-horse of High-Church controversy, the "Meletian schism."

FICTION.

It is difficult to realize that the author of *Oddsfish!* (Burns and Oates: 6s.), a romance which culminates in the death-chamber of a penitent Charles II., has himself gone to his account, and is at last behind that veil which to his sensitive mystic soul had worn sometimes so thin. This last of Monsignor Benson's historical novels cannot be said to be his best: he never, to our thinking, reached again the sustained level of *By What Authority*; but it is fully worthy of his reputation, both in regard to its style, so vivid and full of detail, and its character drawing, accurate and consistent as usual. The sordid reign of Charles and his weak, indulgent nature afford but poor material for stirring romance, yet the practised pen of the author carries on our interest without flagging through plot, intrigue and martyrdom to a pathetic and even tragic close. Like all its predecessors, it is a book to do good. Protestant English history is still a conspiracy against the truth. Flank attacks, like those delivered by Mgr. Benson's historical novels, may help much to overthrow the great Protestant Tradition.

If anyone wishes for an interesting historical novel, which may safely be put into the hands of all young persons, and from which at the same time a good deal of information may be derived concerning the Bourbon Restoration of 1815-1830, we may cordially recommend Miss Edith Staniforth's story, *Under which Flag?* (Washbourne: 1914). There is, we fear, an apprehension abroad that the novels published by Catholic firms are likely to be pious, or at least namby-pamby, and we are glad to say that certainly such epithets are not deserved by the tale before us. It is pleasantly written, and the incidents are not improbable, though perhaps the story covers rather more ground than perfect construction would prescribe. Still the reader is not bored, and one follows the tale with interest to the close. For many Catholics the fact that the Duchesse de Berri, the mother of the *roi manqué*, Henri V, better known as the Comte de Chambord, plays a prominent part in the story, will serve as an additional attraction. The tone of the book, without being mawkish, is healthily Catholic.

GENERAL.

From Messrs. P. J. Kenedy and Sons of New York comes a volume of *Poems for Loyal Hearts*, by the Rev. William Livingston (Price 1.25 dol.), consisting largely of reprints from such well-known magazines as the *Catholic World* and the *Ave Maria*. Many will, we are sure, be glad to have in more permanent form these excellent *vers d'occasion*, all of them as careful in form as they are admirable in feeling. Father Livingston gives us full variety in verse, from the triolet to the blank-verse soliloquy, and in subject, from tributes to the new American Cardinals to meditations on the mysteries of the Faith.

Messrs. Washbourne's *Catholic Diary for 1915* (1s. n. cloth; 2s. n. leather), has already made its appearance. This, its seventh issue, well maintains its reputation for utility and piety combined.

Messrs. Washbourne's serial publication of the elaborate descriptions of Rome, ancient, subterranean and modern, by Dom Albert Kuhn, O.S.B., has now progressed to its fifth part out of the eighteen that will complete the work. **Rome**, so admirably produced and richly illustrated as it is, and at so low a price as 1s. 3d. for each section, meets a real need, and should bring the greatness of the Eternal City in her outward aspect home to thousands who cannot hope to profit directly by the work of Grisar, de Rossi, or Barnes. All the illustrations are well produced, but a special tribute is due to the unusual excellence of the full-page inserted plates on toned paper.

Save that it is a thing very pleasant to handle and to look at, and contains many beautifully-reproduced pictures of interest and value in themselves, it is a little difficult to account for the existence of such a book as the **Year Book of Mary Queen of Scots**, by A. A. Methuen, published by Mr. Foulis at 2s. 6d. net. The taste for snippets, for the "Believer's Daily Portion," with a text for each day of the year, has always seemed to us a little odd, and one felt that it had gone about as far as it could go when we recently had our G. K. Chesterton and our R. H. Benson served up in such fashion. But at least these are consecutive writers on consecutive subjects. But Mary, Queen of Scots! With the best will in the world, and the utmost devotion to the martyred Queen, we fear we should really find it impossible to found even so much as an affection, to say nothing of constructing a meditation, on the material here afforded to us. It is really asking us to make bricks without straw, to put down: "May 3rd. Meanwhile I beg you to get me some gold footing with silver spangles, and send me six ells of it." Or again: "Sept. 1st. My son's government begins greatly to displease the Scotch, who charge him with being too young and volatile."

A Garden of Girls, by Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A. (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), embodies an excellent conception well executed. The authoress desires to bring before the school-girl of to-day, and her instructors, the aims and ideals and practices of various school-girls of former days, beginning with Ireland in the days of St. Bridgid and ending with Margorie Fleming. These nine sketches are very carefully done, and the "atmosphere" of the different times and places is accurately reproduced.

The Innocent Victims of War (Washbourne: 1d.) is a striking little conversation narrated by Miss O. K. Parr, indicating the consolatory side of the hecatombs of helpless sufferers sacrificed on the Continent, viz., the fact that so far as their sacrifice is endured with patience, they are fulfilling the sufferings of Christ and so winning grace and forgiveness for the guilty.

Two Undergraduates in the East have cheerfully described their *Wanderjahr* under the above title, though the name of one only, W. Carey Jeffries, appears on the title-page as author (London: Sports and Sportsmen, Ltd., 3s. 6d.). If only half our undergraduates went round the world, after the 'Varsity, with their eyes as well (and as wisely) open as these two did! Japan, China, the Malay Peninsula and the adjacent islands, Ceylon and India, Port Said, Palestine, Egypt and home. . . . What excellent good luck this world contains, for some! And the book is most pleasantly written. Some one said that, since Stevenson, everyone who travels does so with a donkey in the Cevennes, be those hills wherever you will from Andes to Himalayas, and be the traveller alone

with himself for company. The literary mannerism is not laid upon these pages, at any rate. Mr. Jeffries sees things accurately as they seem, troubling not overmuch about latent or suggested meanings, essences, or connections. Not but what there is a good deal of shrewd social and political philosophy up and down the book. But it is objective and belongs to the sportsman and man of action, and is no product of study, nor of boudoir, nor even of private oratory. An unassuming Catholicism is however a good element in the book, and ensured the author's rectitude of outlook and judgment when in Palestine. The book is well printed on paper of an infinitely pale coffee-colour, and well illustrated with photographs in sepia. A thing we want to know is what the Chinese (?) inscription on the cover means, and why the little Chinaman there, listening to a charming minstrel with a banjo, is covering his face with a fan.

WAR PAMPHLETS.

There are many ways in which non-combatants can do a little service for their country in its crisis, and not the least useful is by helping to spread the light—among neutrals, especially Americans, and among our own countrymen alike. The latter indeed need this help most of all; only by a far wider diffusion of our whole case can this war become an intelligent, high-minded national effort, and be saved from drifting into a militaristic orgy; and on the other hand, only so, when the strain begins to tell at home, can the populace be maintained in a firm resolution to see our just aims accomplished to the very end. We have by this time quite an *embarras de richesses* in the way of material for our crusade. The shilling and two-shilling books increase and multiply, but for our missionary purposes the pamphlets, equally multiplied, are more to the point. There are all sorts, of course; the usual crank productions, connecting the war with the Number of the Beast, or the Ten Tribes of Israel, are on the bookstalls. Also there are the pamphlets written frankly *ad captandum vulgus*, and those dealing not quite judiciously with that subject that requires such judicious handling—the atrocities. Such are hardly to be recommended for export, if indeed for any purpose at all. But on the whole the pamphlets are of extraordinary high quality, and show the war calling forth from British scholars and men of letters, as from all other Britons, their best. Nor are our professors any the worse, in that they are not, as Fustel de Coulanges so biting described the German history-school, a department of the War Office.

Undoubtedly first in the line of our intellectual defences must come the official publication, **Great Britain and the European Crisis**, to be seen now on every bookstall. It is a marvellous pennyworth, containing the whole of the famous White Paper, with Sir Edward Goschen's despatch (the "scrap of paper" document) and Sir Maurice de Bunsen's, and the decisive speeches of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons. But this document, most weighty in itself, has the added distinction of a preface summarizing its contents, which will take rank as one of the most brilliant pieces of political exposition and argument that a literature famous for this class of writing can show. England owes a debt to the unnamed writer who has here put into her hands the perfect presentation of a righteous cause.

Of course more is needed by anyone who would study seriously the diplomatic history of the crisis; and the Oxford history professors have admirably supplied the need in their two-shilling book, **Why we are at War**. In its latest edition it gives us not only the German White Book, carefully discussed, but also the Russian Orange Book and the Belgian Grey Book—the last a very important document. But for the general public it is rather something more concise than the Government book that is needed than something more elaborate. Especially valuable on the diplomatic side are Sir Edward Cook's "Victoria League" pamphlets, giving us some of the best work of one of the most distinguished of our journalists. **How Britain strove for Peace** is a most useful *aperçu* of the various negotiations between 1898 and 1914; while **Why Britain is at War** is by far the best account of the immediate crisis for American distribution, with the splendid words of Abraham Lincoln with which it concludes.

Of pamphlets that cover cursorily the whole causes, remote as well as immediate, of our national action, Sir A. Conan Doyle's forceful and popular **Call to Arms** has done fine service already. Mr. G. W. Prothero's **Our Duty and Interest in the War** is well designed for the enlightenment of any of our own people who do not really appreciate the ultimate issues. It is a fine, direct, forceful piece of work, published by Mr. Murray at twopence. But fuller and really weightier is Mr. H. A. Z. Fisher's contribution, **The War, its Causes and Issues** (Longmans: 6d. net). There is no need to commend the work of the historian who most certainly, of all who are now writing, combines soundness with brilliance. His dissection of Prussian statecraft and the Prussian system is masterly. This branch of the subject is also treated in Mr. M. E. Sadler's "Victoria League" pamphlet, **Modern Germany and the Modern World**, more on its psychological side. Mr. Sadler of course knows German life intimately, and his analysis is one of the most illuminating things to be seen in this literature.

Messrs. Methuen have issued as a threepenny pamphlet, under the title, **The War: its causes and its message**, the remarkable series of speeches delivered during August and September by the Prime Minister in the various capitals of the British Isles, together with his shorter addresses in Parliament, on the occasion of the outbreak of the war. Mr. Asquith is a master of clear and cogent reasoning, and these utterances, intended to stimulate, instruct and organize public opinion, deserve to be preserved as an eloquent statement of the British case in this great conflict.

The same firm publishes Mr. Lloyd George's stirring appeal for a Welsh army, delivered on September 19th, a speech which bristles with pungent phrases and ends with a passage on "the great everlasting things that matter to a nation," which reaches a high level of eloquence. Several other war-utterances, including Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* and *Hymn before Action*, are printed by Messrs. Methuen, in a handy form, for distribution.

The Oxford University Press are issuing a series of tracts called **The Oxford Pamphlets** (at prices varying from 1d. to 3d.), illustrating different aspects of the war, its causes, political and philosophic, the literary polemics which preceded and accompany it, its effects, actual

and prospective, and so forth. Some seventeen of these have already appeared, and no student of this gigantic portent can afford to neglect them. We hope that some Catholic members of the University will be asked to contribute, for the Church has very definite views about war which cannot be too strongly emphasized at present. Some of the pamphlets, however eminent their authors, are overpriced: for instance, Dr. Sanday's **The Deeper Causes of the War**, which contains only nine pages and yet costs threepence.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

From Messrs. Washbourne come two useful little sixpennies. The one is a series of **Meditations on the Rosary**, by a Brother of the Little Oratory. They are in verse, a quatrain being given to each *Ave*, and will be welcome to many who find that a certain discursiveness helps their attention in vocal prayer. That there are such persons is the sufficient justification for the good Brother's pious, though somewhat pictorial, musings. The other sixpenny is of quite different type. In **What think you of Christ?** Mr. F. H. E. Cahusac, M.A., builds an excellent piece of apologetic upon the conception of the Personality of our Lord as shown us in the Gospels. His clear, concise and well-knit argument should be of great help to non-Catholics (or Catholics if such there still be) who have been perplexed by the late attempts to set up a "Historic Christ" against the Christ of the Catholic Church.

The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Washbourne: 1d.) is a tasteful little book in blue containing the usual prayers before and after each decade, with pictorial representations of the various mysteries.

The very valuable "Social Action Series" of penny pamphlets, published by *The Irish Messenger*, 5, Great Denmark Street, Dublin, should be better known on this side of the water. We trust the C.S.G. will help to spread them more widely, for they treat for the most part of subjects of universal application. The series has now reached its sixteenth number with a tract from the pen of Father Peter Finlay, S.J., which deals with **The Church and Anti-clericalism** rather from the standpoint of general principles than of special apologetic. We wish Father Finlay's clear-thinking on the subject were universal among Catholics. We commend to all Catholic men-of-the-world his excellent analysis of the "anti-clericalism" we all believe in, that which is frankly anti-Christian, and that which a good many fairly practising Catholics seem to think they can hold without danger to themselves or scandal to others. The preceding three numbers include **Co-operative Stores**, by Father J. Canavan, S.J., a lucid historical sketch of a movement to which many look for the removal of the evils of sweating; **Catholicism and Citizenship in Ireland**, by Rev. P. Boylan, M.A., a most timely treatise on the civic virtues required to make the great experiment of Self-Government a success; and **Poverty in Dublin**, by John B. Hughes, which is ultimately a terrible indictment of the sad social results of prolonged misgovernment.

From the same publishers we have the latest volume of the general penny series, an excellent little sketch of **The Jesuits and their Centenary Celebration** by the Comtesse de Courson.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

FROM THE AUTHOR.

Thoas, The History of a Soul. By Margaret Scott. Pp. 48. (No publisher or price indicated.)

BURNS & OATES, London.

The Souvenir of Canon Sheehan. Pp. xii, 158. Price 2s. net. *The Shadow of Peter.* By Herbert E. Hall, M.A. Second Edition revised and enlarged. Pp. x, 166. Price, 2s. net. *A Modern Pilgrim's Progress.* By B. Anstice Baker. Preface by Very Rev. Mgr. R. H. Benson. Fourth Impression. Pp. xvi, 284. Price, 1s. net. *The Parables of Our Lord.* Pp. viii, 32. *The Miracles of Our Lord.* Pp. viii, 40. *The Sermon on the Mount.* Pp. viii, 28. Printed again from the Rheims version; revised by Bishop Challoner. Price, 1s. net each volume.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

The Prophet's Wife. By Anna C. Browne. Pp. 248. Price, 3s. 9d. net. 1914.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, London.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. xi. The Period of the French Revolution. Pp. xiv, 524. Price, 9s. net. *A Picture Book of British History.* S. C. Roberts, M.A. Vol. I. Pp. xii, 68. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *A School Electricity.* By C. J. L. Wagstaff, M.A. Pp. xi, 250. Price, 5s. net. 1914. *A short History of Rome.* By E. E. Bryant, M.A. Pp. vii, 262. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *Berkeley and Percival.* By Benjamin Rand. Pp. x, 302. Price, 9s. net. *The Principle of Relativity.* By E. Cunningham, M.A. Pp. xiv, 221. Price, 9s. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, commonly called The Forty Hours. By J. R. McKee of the London Oratory. Pp. 108. Price, 3d.

DUFFY, Dublin.

The Story of St. Martin of Tours. By L. M. Stacpoole Kenny. Pp. 124. Price, 2s. net.

GILL, Dublin.

The Church and Usury. By Rev. Patrick Cleary. Pp. viii, 214.

HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY, London.

A Study in Illumination. By G. D. Hodgson, Lit.D. Pp. 224. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

IRISH MESSENGER OFFICE, Dublin.

Social Action Pamphlets. Nos. 13—16.

KENEDY, New York. (Agents, Burns & Oates).

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